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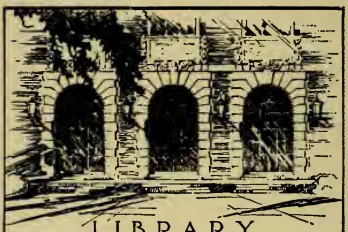

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VARIETIES

IN

W O M A N.

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

" Howsoever, it is a kind of policy in these days, to prefix a phantastical title to a book which is to be sold; for as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an antique picture in a Painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece.

BURTON."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1819.

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VARIETIES IN WOMAN.

CHAPTER XV.

SIR ALBERT BEVERLEY read Catherine's papers, to use the idea of Dryden, with the same feeling as affects a merchant in perusing a bill of freight after he has lost his vessel.

Nevertheless, this destruction of his hopes was not without consolation. The mind of Catherine, however changed from its natural tone by circumstances, was still pure as the soul of a seraph. Uncertain conjectures and vague apprehension of a contrary result, were for ever terminated. And if he regretted that she was devoted to another, he rejoiced that

he had not loved unworthily, that he might still admire her genius and her devotedness, her voluntary sacrifice to the first, the only, object of her love.

He went to France. During six months he revived former friendships with the most distinguished characters of that nation. He returned more ardently than ever to his literary pursuits. The heart that had once been impressed by Catherine Lockhart, could not easily lose that impression. But time, change of scene, constant occupation, contributed to weaken it. Sir Albert pitied her misfortunes, but he regretted her now rather as a woman of uncommon genius, whose society would have rendered life delightful, than as an individual whose love he was unable to gain.

He returned to England, but he did

not go to Beverley Hall, because Doctor Falconer had written, that "Miss Grafton still continued there, unmarried, and as superior to every other woman as ever." Beverley shrunk from the idea of meeting her again; not only on account of her *abstract disagreeableness,* but because he suspected that the force of contrast would continually recall the image of Catherine to his mind, and re-awaken all those regrets which time had contributed to weaken.

The Earl of Northbury, the acquaintance both of the late and the present Sir Albert Beverley, had a fine seat in ——shire. Our hero knew that the greatest favour he could possibly confer on this nobleman, would be, to increase the number of his inmates. He went to North House, because the scenery was

delightful and the neighbourhood good; and because he believed that he might have as much leisure for reflection as he chose, and agreeable society when he was inclined to it.

It was the latter end of Spring, but the lateness of the season rendered the air cool, and the leaves were just budding on the trees. ——shire was beautiful, and the environs of North House delightful.

The Earl had been apprised of the approaching visit of Sir Albert, and had answered the letter which conveyed to him the information, by the most hospitable assurances of welcome. Beverley gave his horse to his groom at the entrance of the park, and took the foot-path through it.

The air was brisk, but the evening delicious. The sun was scarcely setting, and its brilliant red tint con-

trasted the lengthening shadows. Sir Albert looked around him; he remembered the scenes of Beverley Park, his father with whom he had so often walked by *such* a light, in *such* a spot. He sighed, and that sigh was the more bitter, because he recollected his home, *now* inhabited by Miss Grafton.

A laugh, not loud enough to be vulgar, and yet sufficiently so to be natural, put his reflections to flight.

"This is a fine night for meditating, and sentimentalizing, and being *fine*, is it not, Sir Albert Beverley? I wish I were a proper sort of a personage to be the subject of these meditations! Don't be alarmed, and mistake me for a Scottish *good friend*, or a fairy, or a hamadryad, or that sort of fanciful being. I assure you I am, upon my honour, actual substance, flesh and

blood, and every thing that is *not* wonderful. You don't think so, I know; *you* wonder how I came to discover you *were* Sir Albert Beverley. Because it is no secret that you are expected this evening at North House, and that I am personally acquainted with every other individual likely to gain admittance there. Be quiet, Transit, be quiet; a pretty milk-white palfrey this for a damsel of my appearance, is it not?"

Beverley, surprised at the sudden address, looked at the speaker with uncommon attention. She was scarcely more than a child in appearance, her countenance glowing in all the luxuriance of health; her light brown locks waving over a brow that seemed never to have been contracted in a frown; her deep blue eyes sparkling with all the animation of vivacity,

and her cherub mouth smiling in innumerable dimples. With one hand she held the bridle of an uncommonly beautiful poney which she called "Transit," and the other hung carelessly over its neck.

"It is a fine animal, and appears, by its docility, quite conscious of the happiness of belonging to so beautiful a mistress," replied Sir Albert, in answer to her question.

"Thank you," said she, nodding, "that is pretty well for a beginning. Let us walk on; never mind Transit, I shall manage him. We ought to talk about the weather, ought not we? Well; the evening is certainly fine, and the season is very late, and the air remarkably cool for the time of the year, and the roads rather dusty, and the rain keeps off a long time; and if it *were* to rain, walking would

not be so pleasant, and we may expect a good deal after so much fair weather: that is about all, I believe, so you have no resource on that subject. Oh, apropos, I am terribly unobservant of politeness and propriety and etiquette, and so forth: I tell you that *you* are Sir Albert Beverley, when I ought to have told you that of which I dare say you are much less accurately informed,—my own style and title. Be it known to all here present—there are but two—be it known to *you* then, that I am Fanny Lambeth, by the favour of heaven, sole daughter of the Right Honourable Mark Lambeth, Earl of Northbury, Viscount Bristol, &c. &c. &c.—Papa will be terribly angry that he has not the felicity of performing the ceremony of introduction. He is rather odd and fanciful, but tolerably

good on the whole,—is not he, Transit?" suddenly stopping to adjust the animal's bridle.

"Do you know," continued she, resuming her walk, "I had a great inclination to give you a *carte du pays*. On recollection I will not. For, honestly, I am not so charitable as to sacrifice a good deal of amusement to your ease."

"I wish you would permit me to be obliged to you," replied Beverley, smiling.

"Oh, that is so selfish in you! You are not offended with me because I talk to you as if you were *not* Sir Albert Beverley? They told me, papa I mean, and the people at North-House, that you were a great genius, and quite a distinguished character: I thought I should like to know a little of you before you got under

papa's wing, for when he once lays his hand on you, you will not escape in a hurry. You must know that I do not like your great men in general; they are so grand, and solemn, and ugly, that I find them quite disagreeable. I have been waiting for you in the park this half-hour, to see if you were like them, and to confess the truth, you certainly do not *look* like a genius."

Sir Albert laughed.

"Have I said something very foolish? You must excuse me, as papa *would* if he were,—because *I am but a child!* By-the-by, though, this is a species of apology which I do not much admire, I do not like my dignity to be infringed by all sorts of people. Lord Northbury calculates very much on your arrival. He has been making vast improvements, and

he desires that all the rest of the world should think so. I shall not care if he suffers the park to remain as it is, but he talks of *beautifying* it, which will of course spoil my rides. I am very glad that you are come; not, in truth, because I was particularly impressed in *your* favour, but because novelty is always delightful. We have a host of people at North-House now, some of whom would be quite as well away, *selon moi*:—my grey parrot and my green squirrel are worth half of them. There is Lord Lindor the poet, and Harley the critic, astonishing us all by their cleverness and their quarrels; there is old Miss Emmingford sighing at the faithlessness of her swain, and keeping his letters *in terrorem*, trying with all her might to twist and turn them into a promise of marriage; and look-

ing ugly and spiteful at me because I am nineteen and she thirty,—an unpardonable crime you must allow. Then there is her beautiful friend, notable Miss Burlington, who is never guilty of the sin of looking into a book, but works all day, and *cobbles* her own shoes in her charitable kindness for the poor, and always makes a point of eating twice as much as other people, lest her precious life should be too short, and her strength unequal to the exertion of her active benevolence. We lose her every monday morning for three hours, whilst she collects the pence subscription to the Bible or Missionary Society, from the neighbouring provincial town, and enjoys the treat of scandalising her neighbours, and of hearing them scandalised. There! I said I would not give you a *carte du*

pays, and I have been accurately describing no inconsiderable part of it. I have done. Turn up that avenue, and gain admittance on that side the house, whilst I go this way in search of a groom," and jumping on her poney, she was out of sight in a minute.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR ALBERT was conducted to the library of the Earl of Northbury.

"How are you, my dear Beverley? I am rejoiced to see you. You look well; your's is the age for it. Many older men are equally fortunate in health."

"I am glad that your lordship's appears so good."

"Mine, my dear fellow? God bless you, I know not what it is to have a day free from indisposition. Nothing can be worse than my present habit. I have a dreadful affection on the lungs; my liver is bad; I have the rheumatism to an excruciating excess; I am tormented with

the gout; sometimes I feel that I am getting deaf. I shall soon be obliged to submit to spectacles. In short, no one was ever more to be pitied than myself."

"I am extremely sorry."

"Sorry, are you? sorry? Deuce a bit can I get any one here to pity me! There's that gypsey daughter of mine finds amusement in ridiculing me for my fancies, and assuring my friends that I am not so ill as I pretend. There's lord Lindor, elevating his right *ho-nour-a-ble* brows, and repeating 'Armstrong on Health,' in my face. There's Lady Fanny's parrot screaming in my ear, continually '*Argan, Argan!*'* There's Miss Emmingford shrugging her shoulders, and praising the game, which, to be

* Molière's "Malade Imaginaire."

sure, I do sometimes, by great effort, contrive to bring down, whilst Miss Burlington devours it with as much *sang froid* as if I were as robust as herself. Then there is Harley, I know, composing a satire of which I am the hero, and which he intends to publish by the title of 'The Whims 'of a Peer.' There's that infernal Lady Caroline Repton, prescribing *sal volatile*, and deuce knows what, in one breath, and wondering how any body can be *so ill-bred as to be healthy* in the next. In short, such a host of infernals as I am surrounded with, were never congregated in one mass, except in the cave of St. Anthony."

The peer having summed up his complaints in this comprehensive peroration, led the way into the drawing room.

The company were dispersed in all the elegance and the ease of fashionable derangement. An ottoman was pushed into the middle of the room, on which Lady Caroline Repton was lounging, covered entirely by a fine lace shawl, that was also thrown over a dog that lay at her side.

Miss Emmingford sat with her hands before her, endeavouring to look fashionably indifferent. Her white, but remarkably ungraceful neck and shoulders, were exposed in the extreme of the mode. Sometimes she contemplated her own large fair arms with an expression of satisfaction. Sometimes she looked affectedly at Lord Lindor, who was leaning on a table by her side, with all the real *insouciance*, which she only pretended.

Miss Burlington was working, and Mr. Harley was busily engaged in

writing at a table at the remote end of the apartment.

The entrance of the peer and the baronet produced a various effect.

Lady Caroline threw the veil from her face, and looked up with a smile of pleasure.

"Have not seen you, Sir Albert Beverley, these hundred years. What have you been doing? I assure you seriously, — Chloe, Chloe, love, what ails you, Chloe?" and she began to soothe the animal by her caresses.

Miss Emmingford looked plainer than usual, because her bracelet had unclasped as the baronet entered, and Lord Lindor had not taken the trouble to re-adjust it.

Miss Burlington drew out her needle with increased notability. Mr. Harley remained tranquil.

Lord Lindor bowed to the intro-

duction, and resumed his quiet *insouciance.*

"Where is Lady Fanny?" demanded Lord Northbury in no very gentle tone;—"it is really most particularly extraordinary that she is never in the way to receive my friends! I cannot say that I am exceedingly fond of your quiet milk-and-water, prim, fine ladies," glancing at Miss Emmingford; "nor your everlasting notable Misses," at Miss Burlington; "Nor your fashionable, high-bred, lounging women of quality," at Lady Caroline. "No, I abominate all of them. I like nature; always did. At the same time, I would be glad that Lady Fanny Lambeth would sometimes condescend to remember that her father has *equal* claims on her time with her horse."

Lady Fanny at this moment en-

tered, looking so young, so blooming, so lovely, that the Earl forgot his anger, and his intended admonition in the contemplation.

The Earl led her to Sir Albert Beverley.

"Suffer me, my friend, to present to you my daughter," said he, with parental pride, contemplating the gracefulness of her person.—"My dear Fanny, be proud of this opportunity of cultivating the friendship of Sir Albert Beverley. Let this be the commencement of an intimacy which must be productive of no inconsiderable advantage to you."

"Extremely sorry, my Lord, but the thing is, in fact, impossible," replied Lady Fanny courteseying with an air of mock humility.

"I'll tell you what, Fanny,"—began the Earl.

"No, don't," interrupted his

daughter; "let me tell *you*—in a profound whisper, papa, for the whole world need not know it, Sir Albert Beverley and myself have been friends this hour, we have upon my honour."

Sir Albert explained.

"This is right, this is as it should be. You are a charming girl, Fanny, and though you torment me sometimes, I don't know, upon my soul, whether I do not like you the better for it," said the Earl.

Lady Fanny kissed his cheek, and passing her arm through Sir Albert's, walked with him to a seat.

The Earl shook the hand of his newly-arrived guest, and retired.

"Look around you," said Lady Fanny, "and admire the accuracy of my sketch. There is Miss Emmingford trying with all her might to

mingle, with the grandeur and dignity of thirty, the pretty simplicity of a girl of—*fifteen*," blushing a little consciously as if she meant to have said *nineteen*. She is exquisitely happy at this moment, for our Lord Lindor, you see, is lounging near her. How divinely careless he endeavours to look! Poor man! he would be sadly disappointed if no one were to observe his attitude. A very little effort on my part will greatly increase his felicity. My Lord Lindor, that is a remarkably picturesque attitude,—'*simple yet sublime*.' However, you may trust to me, it will not, upon my honour, *take*."

"Lady Fanny!"

"You may rely on my judgment, my Lord; it will never do, take my word for it. There,—that surprise is better; the figure has 'that exqui-

site expression of motion' which is said to be the chief grace of the Apollo Belvidere."

"Has it?" said Lord Lindor, with a quietness of manner expressing the very perfection of indifference.

"There," said Lady Fanny, again lowering her voice, "what think you of this specimen of our poet? Was there ever greater *insouciance?—Entre nous*, Sir Albert Beverley, if that man had but a grain less vanity in his composition, he would be—what might he not be? Let us see a little more of him. The name of his particular friend is a chord one can never touch without awakening *some* sound. So, Lord Lindor, after all I hear that Lockhart has not left England."

"Certainly not," replied Lord Lindor with animation. "My being here is a sufficient proof of it. They

who suppose that the sea, even the narrow Hellespont, will ever divide us, know little of the sentiment that unites us. In separations so hard to be endured as this," continued Lord Lindor, half addressing Lady Fanny, half soliloquizing,—" we do not calculate the distance by the common mode of computation. It may be a fancy, a feeling, I know not what, but friends, they who are worthy of the sacred title, can ill endure to inhabit different kingdoms, even if the extreme boundary only of those kingdoms divide them. Their hearts cannot bear to feel that they are living under two governments, pursuing opposite modes of life, speaking different languages, that one point which so completely prevents the universal union of mankind. We cannot argue, we cannot reason on

affections of this nature. Who can discover the source of man's propensities? Who even can develope the structure of his material part, the principles on which it acts, the spring which gives those principles motion? Why do we suffer extreme pain when the continuity of this dust, this clay, this flesh, is broken? We know nothing, we are nothing;—do we exist, or do we dream? Are we at this instant actual denizens of this earth, or is it by the power of fancy alone that we act as if we were, whilst our flesh, perchance, is at this very moment food "for the worm to prey upon?"

"Eloquent idealist!" said Lady Fanny; "how much are we indebted to Mr. Lockhart and to you for this delicious *tirade!*"

"You begin to understand us a

little, do you not?" she continued to Sir Albert Beverley. "Harley is engaged, and must not be interrupted, I perceive. He is a man of profound acquirements, but deficient in those little elegancies of manner and of expression which are absolutely necessary in this fastidious age. One admires his talents, and venerates his goodness, but one shrinks from the ridicule his forcible language and unpolished manner inspire. I know that he makes a point of conscience to deny himself the superfluities of life, and to confine himself to the necessary and useful only, that he may have the more to employ in the advantage of the community. If Harley had a little of Lord Lindor's exquisite polish, one should scarcely find his like!"

Beverley smiled, for he penetrated more deeply into Lady Fanny's sen-

timents at this moment than she supposed.

"Mr. Harley's person is exceedingly fine; there is a great deal of truth in the contour," said he.

"Yes, it *is* fine, I allow it; but even in that point, we discern the effect of *manner*. Lord Lindor, without the advantages of form and feature that distinguish Harley, is infinitely superior in that striking grace which fascinates more powerfully than beauty itself," said Lady Fanny in some confusion.

"That is a nice distinction, and I believe, a just one," replied Sir Albert, "elegance is perfectly independent on beauty. You are correct. And you prefer—?"

"*Elegance* decidedly. A clown may be a *fine* man, a gentleman only can be an elegant one."

"There is, however, much dignity in Mr. Harley's expression," said Sir Albert.

"*Dignity?*—I scarcely think so. Is it not rather inflexibility, sternness, *almost* misanthropy?"

"Perhaps your perceptions arise from knowledge of his character. You are speaking rather of what he *is*, than what he *appears* to be."

"No, I know not *what* Harley is exactly; he is not Lord Lindor, however."

"Not Lord Lindor," said Beverley, in the *obtuse* accent, smiling.

Lady Fanny looked at him for a moment, coloured with the strongest embarrassment, drew her thick clustering curls more on her face, and stole a glance at Lord Lindor.

Now, by some power of attraction and repulsion, Lord Lindor's eyes,

which had been intently fixed on her until that instant, were immediately withdrawn. He bent his head, and whispered something to Miss Emmingford.

Miss Emmingford's mouth had that peculiar character which is said to have distinguished Pericles. A supercilious elevation of the eye-brows, at this moment increased the expression. Lady Fanny recovering from her confusion, sang in a light, playful manner,

" Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
" But no one knows for whom it beameth;
" Right and left its arrows fly,
" But what they aim at no one dreameth!
" Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
" My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
" Few its looks, but every one
" Like unexpected light surprises!
" Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
" My gentle, bashful, Nora Creina!
" Beauty lies
" In many eyes,
" But love in yours, my Nora Creina!"

Miss Emmingford bit her lip, Lord Lindor was quiet as usual; and Lady Fanny resumed her *conference* with Sir Albert Beverley.

TO HARRY LOCKHART, ESQ.

Where are you, my Lockhart; and how is it that we are separated? Never, never did the course either of true friendship or of love *run smooth;* the stream is perpetually disturbed by breaks and irregularities. This is the condition of humanity, Lockhart. A friend—how hard to find!—when found, how seldom equal to the portrait fancy drew of him! If equal—if all that the fondest imagination can paint — unavoidable separations — lengthened absences—deprive us of his society: even if we possess it,

our enjoyment is disturbed by anticipation of the period when it must terminate. What conviction results from this? "Man is made to mourn."

I know not by what contrary bias of the human mind it is, that I, who despise the world, am yet so anxious after fame. The slightest breath of censure impresses me. I have been habituated to such a blaze of admiration, that the slightest diminution of it is perceptible by me. What is the world saying of me,—the world with you, my Lockhart? Do I still enjoy my proud elevation? Who shall dare to hurl me from it?

Now, more than ever, I would have that elevation ascertained. It is most incalculably important. I will not say that I *love*. No! Days of love are over with me. My heart is but an exhausted volcano; terrible have

been its irruptions, and its fire has been destroyed by its own violence. There have been forms which I have gazed on, and have worshipped!—Forms, indeed,

"Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
"Might shake the saintship of an anchorite."—

These have flitted across my memory—they have passed away like shadows,—and are forgotten!

There is a woman, my Lockhart, whom I would possess. *Why should* I not? Am I not the very Lindor who have trampled under foot almost insurmountable barriers? I am tempted even to marriage,—and by a girl—a child—a mere capricious child, who "plays false strains on me hourly,"—who practises no syren blandishments to win me,—and who affects an air of superiority which I

deride, whilst I am thrown at an unavoidable distance by it.

She is lovely, but forms far more beauteous have crossed my path. It is the playfulness, the sportive witchery, the sparkling genius, beaming over her, that enthrals me. It is impossible to calculate what will be her appearance at any period on any occasion. The most childish simplicity is united with classical acquirements; irresistible naiveté with a brilliant wit, whose blaze dazzles one; a sensitive humility with occasional *daring* bursts of hauteur. Her characteristic innocence and vivacity give a blooming rosy loveliness to her, which *nineteen* even does not produce of itself.

As usual I write to you at those moments when my heart most wants

to open to you. I leave correction, the produce of subsequent reflection, to dull mechanic insensates, who fear to trust their thoughts as they arise to the eyes of others, who would present even to their friend *un beau idéal*, in place of their actual resemblance. My impressions vary with every passing gale, and I would have it so. I am one that

> "E'en, for change of scene, would seek the shades below."

Wonder not then at my inconsistencies.—

Do you remember, Lockhart, the debût of a Miss Emmingford; *the* Emmingford which occurred some six or seven years since, and was attended with some éclat? As the devil would have it, I, amongst other fools, followed the train of this comet, and have never been able entirely to

escape from her. By some annoying *etourderie*, she forms, at this present moment, one in my Lord of Northbury's *menagerie* of curiosities. Ye Gods, what scenes are continually occurring! The grand regal condescension of Lady Fanny's manner, contrasted with the *littleness* of the Emmingford, presents the finest *coup d'œil* imaginable. I attach myself to "mine ancient friend" with admirable constancy, and with laudable *compassion*, perhaps. From Lady Fanny, however, I cannot succeed in forcing any "outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual" anger. The Sir Albert Beverley, so well known to the world, joined our party a few days since. Lady Fanny became engrossed by him. Did she think to rouse passion in *me* by the stimulus of jealousy? Could she imagine that

I, so practised in the wiles of woman, did not penetrate the motive, and deride it.

Is there any material alteration in costume at present? If there be, and you think it advantageous, go to ——'s in Bond-street, and desire him to send me a complete suit immediately; I hope the olive brown still continues in favour; if it does not, it is worth a journey, and I will immediately be in London, walk through the west, and cavalier it in the Park, for the purpose of restoring it to estimation. I depend on your friendship, my Lockhart, for information on these points.

The atar-gul which I use now, is intolerable; procure for me a fresh supply from your importer. Send to S.'s in the Mall for some perfumed, rose-coloured note-paper, with an

embossed edge. The sooner I receive it, the more I shall be obliged.

Farewell, my Pylades. My heart embraces you.

LINDOR.

P. S. Has Harrington lost that unlucky limp he acquired, in waltzing with the dowager?—Has the old duchess got off any of her daughters?—If she has, tell her the whole kingdom talks of nothing else; that the resignation of the premier would not occasion half the noise that I have heard of it; and that I heartily congratulate her. I know this will please her, and I can afford to give her an evening now and then in the season, because she has nothing to do with *sandwiches*.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT is a delicious evening!" said Lady Fanny, passing through the viranda, into the garden.

"Delicious!" repeated Lord Lindor, contemplating the pure azure of the sky, unsullied by a single floating cloud. "*Delicious!*—it is the very acmé of insipidity!—A scene like this, flattens the soul of man into a blank plane. There is no sublimity of sentiment, that can possibly exist in such a season. Every thing is quiet; it is the sleeping time of genius, and the vital moment of dulness, triteness, and stupidity. To be completely interested, man must feel himself in danger, not in remote and possible

danger, but in probable and imminent. This is, perhaps, a gloomy idea, but it is truth. The whole economy of life proves it. Security is the death of *interest*, and is essentially and absolutely connected with *ennui*."

"This, I should suppose, must depend on the peculiar organization of the mind," said Lady Fanny. "To me, this quiet, this tranquillity, this repose of nature, is delicious. I love to feel the scarcely perceptible breath of the wind; to hear the faint rustling of the wings of the birds that are floating above me. The very air is full of the unchangeable grandeur and mercy of the Divinity."

Lord Lindor sighed.—

"This is a reality," continued Lady Fanny. "My heart in such a moment bows down before God, and in the fulness of conviction, pours

forth its hopes, its faith, its confidence on him. I am never so impressed with gratitude to the great Redeemer of mankind; never so awe-struck by the contemplation of the magnificent plan of human redemption as in such a season. I forget all the trifling feelings which disturb me in the intercourse of society. I lose more of the dross of worldliness in these moments, than in any other. I am less selfish, less proud, less rebellious. Oh, how blissful is the thought, that whilst yet mortal, man may thus hold communion with

"His reason, guardian-angel, and his God!"—

"Yours is a happy period in human existence, Lady Fanny," returned Lord Lindor. "A much more potent elixir than this, must be administered to 'attune my soul to higher flights.'

All, all is vanity. Man lives his little day —then mingles with the dust of which he is composed: perhaps in time, his clay is employed in assisting the vegetation of those very flowers, which, during his life, appeared created solely for his pleasure."

"Oh! but the soul, the soul of man, Lord Lindor!" exclaimed Lady Fanny; "where is it roving when separated from the body which has been its partner in this state of existence? —Oh, at this very moment, this calm, delicious air, may be peopled by the spirits 'of the just made perfect;'— they may be viewing the smiling fields of our planet, and remembering the errings of heart which threw them at such an immeasurable distance from their God, whilst they inhabited it— gratefully rejoice in their present eternal happiness, and hail the prospect of sharing it hereafter with those

who were once so dear. Even now," she continued, extending her graceful arms, with infantile innocence, "even now, my angel-mother may be hovering over her child,—blessing, weeping, praying for her!"

It was the attitude of a seraph springing to immoratlity. The tear in her up-raised eye was more brilliant than the brightest smile that had ever dwelt there. The fluctuating colour of the cheek—the mouth dimpling with emotion—the beautiful hands, now extended, now clasping—were more subduing than the most sparkling lustre that ever shone over the divinity of a ball-room.

Lord Lindor's countenance was shadowed. He contemplated his beautiful companion with mingled sentiments. He was gloomy, abstracted, but scarcely

"Less than archangel ruined."——

"How various are the theories our fancy forms for us!" said he, at length. "I sometimes amuse myself in speculations on the probable shape in which my soul may next appear on earth. If there is that within me which is never to be extinct, of the nature of which I understand nothing; how know I to how many uses it may be designed; in how many various states it may be placed; how many trials may be made of it! Perhaps I may have been Julius Cæsar, and you Calphurnia. Harley may have been the Cassius I always dreaded; Lockhart the Anthony who mourned for me; and Sir Albert Beverley the Brutus who triumphed over me."

Lord Lindor fixed his dark eyes on Lady Fanny. She blushed, for she understood the allusion. *His* polished brow, for a moment, lost its paleness.

"What a climate it is!" observed Lord Lindor, again recurring to the placid appearance of the heavens; "scarcely an hour since, what could be more threatening than the aspect of the clouds? It is well that more liberty and independence are to be enjoyed here than in other countries; if it were not thus, complete depopulation would be the result. I abhor this eternal variableness; the sun may set with the brightest glory, yet who can calculate on his reappearance even on the morrow? I wish not that my days should be spent in the land of my fathers."

"Yet Charles the Second said, he thought *that* was the best climate, where he could be abroad in the air, with pleasure, or at least without inconvenience, the most days in the year, and the most hours in the day;

and this he conceived he could be in England, more than in any country he knew in Europe.

"We can judge only by comparison, and I do not think that Charles the Second's opportunities of observation comprised so extensive a range, that we should adopt a well-sounding remark of his as an axiom. You know what was Oxenstiern's opinion of this country in general;—'if the high-'road to hell,' said he, 'be sown 'with delights and pleasures, you 'must necessarily pass through Eng-'land to go to it.'"

"I have seen few other countries, it is true," said Lady Fanny, "yet I do not think I am quite incapable of forming perhaps a rational preference for my own. I find that most of the wishes one can form, may be valued here; we must sacrifice more enjoy-

ments to procure those pleasures which are to be obtained only in foreign lands, than we can find equivalents. I should be glad to visit every spot which history stamps as *classic;* but England, this modern Rome, must still be my home!"

"You would choose always to reside here, then?" demanded Lord Lindor.

"I think so; my curiosity once gratified, I should,—I imagine, at least, I should prefer England."

"Be it so," said Lord Lindor smiling; "but am I indeed to sacrifice all my ancient prejudices to you? Is it in love as in war, when the conquered nation is never able completely to protect its altars?—Silent, Lady Fanny! silent as a faquir?"

"I was endeavouring to recollect whether I had ever heard of Miss

Emmingford's residing abroad. Is she capable of appreciating those scenes which time has conspired with genius to render sacred? It will be delightful, that her mind should harmonize with yours; and that her ideas should supersede the necessity of your declaring yours, because they are but the echo of them. Is Miss Emmingford classic? I am afraid not.

"Possédant en un mot, pour n'en pas dire plus,
"Les defauts de son sexe, et peu de ses vertus.
"Ce mot m'est échappé; pardonnez ma franchise:
"Dans ce sexe, après tout, vous n'êtes point comprise;
"*L'adorable Fanny* n'en a que les appas:"

said Lord Lindor, smiling almost sarcastically.

Lady Fanny looked at him for a few seconds with a fixed and penetrating

eye; a shade of contempt gradually passed over her countenance, "when I forgot *myself*, your lordship certainly was not compelled to recollect me," she said.

Harley and Sir Albert Beverley at that moment joined them.

They too had been enjoying the loveliness of the evening; they had been looking through "nature up to "nature's God." Their philosophy was that of christians, not of fanciful beings whose creed was dictated by imagination, and whose principles were tinctured by romantic speculations.

The acknowledged talents of Sir Albert Beverley had attracted Harley to him. It was not long before they comprehended each other, and Harley smiled at the mistake of the world, when he felt the distinction between

the imputed pride of Sir Albert and the suavity of Lord Lindor.

"This is one of those evenings," said Sir Albert, "which always recalls to me remembrances of very early years. It is not splendid, but it is tranquil. The atmosphere is clear, and the sun cheerful. It resembles hours of *negative* felicity, such as belong to extreme youth. There are no masses of light; no gorgeous splendor; no dazzling magnificence; but neither are there terrific clouds, whose gloomy grandeur forms a broad shadow to too great effulgence. Gray has identified his inimitable ode with such a scene."

"Gray was a plagiarist," said Lord Lindor coldly. 'In the space of a 'protracted life,' says Herodotus, 'how many things occur, which we 'see with reluctance and support

'with anguish.' Gray evidently borrows hence his celebrated stanza:

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
"The little victims play;
"No sense have they of ills to come,
"Nor care beyond to-day.
"Yet see, how all around them wait
"The ministers of human fate,
"And black misfortune's baleful train:
"Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
"To seize their prey the murderous band:
"Ah! tell them they are men."

The Grecian historian has tempted many authors. Shakspeare borrows the fable of his Winter's Tale from the story Herodotus relates of Cyrus. Sometimes he even copies the sentiments of the original. In Herodotus, when Harpagus, reluctant himself to obey the king's command that he should murder the royal infant, instructs Mitridates, the herdsman, to perpetrate it, he says, "*Astyages com-*

mands you to take this infant, and expose him in the most unfrequented part of the mountains, that his death may be speedy and unavoidable. I am further ordered to assure you, that if you evade this injunction, and are by any means accessory to his preservation, you must expect torture and death. I am myself commanded to see the child exposed." Shakspeare makes Leontes address Antigonus thus :—

" Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
" (And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
" And what thou else call'st thine."———
———" We enjoin thee,
" As thou art liegeman to us, that thou bear it
" To some remote and desert place, quite out
" Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
" Without more mercy, to its own protection,
" And favour of the climate. As by strange
" fortune
" It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
" On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—

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" That thou commend it strangely to some place
" Where chance may nurse and end it."

Pope plagiarizes from the same prolific source. Herodotus affirms that in the ancient Persian worship of Mithra, *the suppliant was not allowed to implore blessings on himself individually, his whole nation, and particularly his sovereign, have a claim to his prayers, himself being necessarily comprehended with the rest.* Pope paraphrases this sentiment—

" God loves from whole to parts, but human
" soul
" Must rise from individuals to the whole:
" Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
" As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
" The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds
" Another still and still another spreads;
" Wide and more wide the o'erflowings of the
" mind,
" Take every creature in, of every kind:

"Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
"Its country next, and next all human race."—

Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, Horace, all plagiarized from this same source. Herodotus pillaged David.—Plagiarism is contemporary with the very commencement of authorship."

"Would to heaven, such plagiarists as those you have particularised, my Lord Lindor, existed in the present day!" exclaimed Harley, vehemently; "then school-boy scribblers and moon-struck poets, would blush to give their vile things to the face of day;—then noble sentiments, the offspring of purity, reason, and religion, would occupy the place which unmanly softness, and luxurious description, have usurped. Christian heroes would be celebrated in place of ruffian pirates, and effeminate sensualists! Plagia-

rism!—My Lord, your very censure of plagiarism, is a plagiarism in itself. Beloe furnished you with allusions, and it is to memory not to observation that you are indebted."

"I acknowledge it," replied Lord Lindor, bowing, and smiling with great suavity, and assuming an expression of considerate forbearance. "A very superficial reading points out the similitudes I have noticed. I claimed no consideration on the score of remarks that were purely accidental. I feel myself too humble to provoke much censure. Surely the wren may be permitted to escape that arrow which might attack much nobler prey," again bowing.

"I acknowledge your superiority, my Lord, in all cases of this nature," returned Harley impetuously; "I pe-

netrate the motive by which you are actuated, and I acknowledge myself vanquished. I am not ambitious of the honour of a Cadmean victory.*"

Lord Lindor's graceful calmness was not, for an instant, disturbed. Sensible how advantageous to himself the result of a comparison between him and Harley must be at such a moment, he maintained an appearance of perfect composure, which gave him an air of superiority, the more captivating because his deference to his opponent implied a disclaiming of it.

Harley felt that he had thrown himself into the power of his rival. He execrated his own imprudence, but,

* After Cadmus had destroyed the dragon, he lived during eight years in servitude to Mars.—Hence, to gain an ostensible superiority unattended with any real advantage, was called by the ancients, a *Cadmean victory*.

at the same time, he was conscious how very much his own intrinsic value surpassed Lord Lindor's.

But Lady Fanny shrunk from his vehement language and unpolished manner. She admired that quiet superiority in Lord Lindor, which is so captivating—so irresistible—to women of genius. Lady Fanny Lambeth's *genius*, compared to that of Catherine Lockhart, was what the wild sweetness of the Æolian lyre is to the full tones produced by the hand of a master from the *scientific* harp. Her classic knowledge had been assiduously imparted by the Earl, and by that very Catherine Lockhart. Such talents now are no longer extraordinary;—as refinement in literature has increased, the necessity of giving to females a portion of classical acquirements has increased also. Aspasias

and Corinnas are not found amongst us, because where there are many of equal talents and genius, it is difficult to assign a superiority.

Lady Fanny sighed as she recognized the foibles of Lord Lindor—of Harley.

Harley saw the glance of admiration directed to Lord Lindor, which had preceded that sigh. He felt instantly how much ground he had lost.

Sensible that a factitious and momentary distinction like this, *ought* to have weighed nothing with a reflecting mind, he forgot that Lady Fanny was but *nineteen;* this surely is not the age when reason is able to surmount the dread of ridicule.

Sir Albert was a silent and apparently abstracted observer of all that passed. He saw that the happiness

of three lives was staked in a child's game, and whilst he mused on the folly of man, he recollected the *varieties in woman*, and remembered Catherine Lockhart.

On what slight accidents does the happiness of man depend! This Catherine Lockhart, this amiable and unfortunate St. Clair, so devoted, so beloved, were separated, eternally miserable, by the caprice of an obstinate kinsman who had their happiness in his power. "You are dearer to me," Klopstock wrote to his Mela, "than all who are connected with me "by blood or by friendship, dearer "than all which is dear to me besides "in the creation. My sister, my "friend, you are mine by love, by "pure and holy love, which Provi- "dence (O how grateful am I for the "blessing!) has made the inhabitant

" of my soul upon earth. It appears
" to me, that you were born my twin
" sister in Paradise. At present, in-
" deed, we are not there, but we
" shall return thither. Since we have
" so much happiness here, what shall
" we have there ?"——

Such had been the love of St. Clair for Catherine, and they were divided!

" They are divided, and I am desolate!" thought Beverley; " how inscrutable are thy ways, O Providence! how hard not to repine!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS EMMINGFORD was fond of addressing Lord Lindor with all the familiarity that results from long and intimate acquaintance. She continually preluded her addresses to him with "Do you remember when we were waltzing at Lady K.'s ball?" "Do you recollect the water-party you were so kind to form for me?" —"Have you forgotten the tortoise-shell dressing-box for which you insisted on bidding for me at old Henry Witham's sale?" and questions of this nature, evidently intending to insinuate by them, that they had once stood, if they did not at present stand, in very near and peculiar relation to each other.

Lord Lindor, perhaps, was only amused by this conduct. It gratified his vanity, because it declared to the world, the yet existing partiality of the lady for him, without implicating him in the necessity of returning that preference. Without adopting a manner distinct from his general one, he contrived to keep alive the lady's *tendre* for him, by a thousand minute attentions, which mean every thing or nothing, as the parties find it convenient to translate them.

Lady Fanny saw these attentions with a pain for which she despised herself. It was sufficiently obvious, that notwithstanding his manner to Miss Emmingford, Lord Lindor seized every possible opportunity of strengthening the power he had already gained over herself. Lady Fanny, with all her youth, her viva-

city, and sweetness, had acquired a portion of Catherine Lockhart's *hauteur*, more *brusque* certainly and infinitely less majestic. By calling this feeling into decided action, she knew the power she should gain over Miss Emmingford. But she remembered the maxim of Paulus Æmilius to his son Scipio, "a good general never gives battle, but when he is led to it, either by the last necessity, or by a very favourable occasion."

The extensive circle that visited at North House, were not sparing of their comments on the revival of Lord Lindor's supposed attachment to Miss Emmingford. Lady Fanny when she listened to remarks of this nature, was astonished that they surprised her, and she sighed sometimes when she was obliged to acknowledge to herself, that she resembled the ostrich,

which is said to shut its eyes to prevent others from seeing it.

Sir Albert observed what was passing with attention. He perceived that Lord Lindor loved Lady Fanny as well as he was capable of loving any thing but himself. His flirtation with Miss Emmingford was a contemptible trick, got up by the stage-manager to attract the attention of the world, and to effect some particular design, possibly to hasten the progress of Lady Fanny's attachment to him, by adding to it the impetus of jealousy. He appeared ambitious of ascertaining in an engagement of a very different nature, his claims to that praise which Burke bestowed on the apparently incongruous qualities of a great general: "he will know when to be like Fabius, the cloud, and like Scipio, the thunderbolt of war."

Harley sometimes complained to Sir Albert of the injustice and childishness of Lady Fanny. Sometimes he execrated his own folly in loving her in whom he saw so much to condemn; more frequently he regretted that he could not condescend to the cultivation of those graces which are absolutely necessary as a passport into society.

Sir Albert endeavoured to soften the ruggedness of Harley's character. The confirmed habits of a man of strong intellectual powers are not easily subdued. Poets may celebrate the sudden transformations wrought by love; but nature rarely, if ever, presents such an instance. Harley had piqued himself on his very defects, because they had marked his independence and contempt of the frivolities of fashion. It was not with a gracious feeling, that he heard these

qualities on which he valued himself, objected to as defects. And by the woman he loved!

Harley had as much romance, if he wanted the courtesy of a *preux chevalier*. "*L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois; c'est la première!*" said he. Perhaps, this is true. The ardour of a first passion is scarcely ever discernible in a second. Like all persons of strong feeling, Harley rejected, with disdain, the idea of a *second love* in woman. At present, Lady Fanny was only *interested* for the eccentric Lord Lindor, Harley trembled lest that interest should resolve itself into *love*. "And then," thought he, "all is over! for, if even she should hereafter become indifferent to him—though my heart shall never receive another impression—even then she never, never can be any thing to me!" — —

Lord Lindor one morning entered Lady Fanny's boudoir;—Miss Emmingford was there, for she had invited herself to view the prospect which the windows commanded.

All the affectation of Lord Lindor's usual *manière d'être,* was at this instant discernible. He had a letter in his hand at which he glanced every moment, and seemed to derive a sort of sentimental pleasure from each look.

"Congratulate me," said he, addressing both, "congratulate me,—my Pylades—my Patroclus—will arrive at North-House to join our revels to-morrow evening."

"Alias, Harry Lockhart, Esquire, I presume," said Lady Fanny coldly.

"Yes, Lockhart,—*my* Lockhart—

"And I more rich in having such a treasure,
"Than twenty thousand seas, if all their sands

"Were pearl, their waters nectar, and their
"rocks
"Pure gold!"

"*Riche comme un puits!*" said Lady Fanny.

"A proverb!" exclaimed Miss Emmingford, with an appearance and an action expressive of horror.

"Why not?" demanded Lady Fanny carelessly.

"How vulgar!" said Miss Emmingford indignantly.

"Vulgar!" said Lord Lindor astonished.

"I have Lord Chesterfield's authority," replied Miss Emmingford, shielding herself under so great a name.

"Lord Chesterfield," said Lady Fanny, with an air of extreme indifference, "would have forgiven this, because he would have known that Ricard traces it to Callias the torch-

bearer, the cousin of Aristides, who disregarding the example of his disinterested kinsman, possessed himself of a quantity of gold concealed in a well, which was discovered to him by a barbarian, who, from the white fillet, mistook him for a king, and whom he afterwards murdered, to prevent his showing the treasure to another; hence his family were called *Laccopluti*,—and hence, also, I infer, that my Lord Chesterfield would have forgiven a proverb, the derivation of which is so highly classical."

Miss Emmingford with great rapidity turned over the leaves of a music-book which she was examining. "The friendship which exists between yourself and Lockhart," said she to Lord Lindor, "is delightful. I almost wonder that either of you will voluntarily expose himself to the pain of

separation. What can solace you in absence?"

"Hope—hope, Miss Emmingford; that rainbow of life; the pledge that the storm which bows us, shall not always rage tempestuously," replied Lord Lindor.

Lady Fanny smiled sarcastically. It was extraordinary what power these sudden changes of expression possessed over Miss Emmingford. Lady Fanny's countenance was a barometer by which one might always calculate the altitude of Miss Emmingford. It is true that the former was perfectly aware of the existence of this influence, and she sometimes exerted it uncharitably. "But," thought she, "I have now entered the lists; the *toga* is, therefore, ridiculous; I have abjured it, and I adopt the *sagum*."

Mr. Lockhart arrived precisely as Lord Lindor had expected. The family at North-House were engaged in preparing for the reception of the guests, and he was shown immediately to the apartments of his friend.

"Ha, Harry!—*comment va-t-il?* How do you, my Lælius? Why well; and I—alas, Lockhart!—it seems that I am the peculiar sport of heaven; or why was I created with inclination and mind so different from those of other men,—desires unlimited, illimitable,—and the means of gratifying them so contracted? I am ruined, Lockhart,—as the world understands the term, I am *ruined.* My estates gone beyond redemption; my credit almost exhausted; I have nothing left for it but Lady Fanny or Miss Emmingford."

"Leave the Emmingford out of the question! *Sacré!* you, my Catullus, at the feet of *thirty?* Her voice would throw you into a consumption in a month. She has the lungs of one of Homer's heroes, and unless a moving mountain seems to you peculiarly graceful, she is not so; there is *grandeur* in it, certainly!"

"*Grandeur,* my Lockhart?—that surely is an idea unworthy of you. A mountain never suggests the thought of *size* to me. What are the Alps or the Andes on the immense globe of the world? Are they not more diminutive than the little ornamental spots on the face of a woman of quality? And what is this globe itself? In space an atom—nothing!"—He paused, assumed an attitude of contemplation. His eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," beamed with all a poet's fire.

There was something gracefully imaginative in his attitude and appearance. Lockhart felt its beauty.

"That is inimitable!" said he, in accents of admiration; "will you give it to me? It is quite new; every thing that was lately novel is now become *bourgeois*, and *unpatronizable*. There is no attitude in the whole compass of the person of a man of fashion, that has not been distorted into the grimace of a plebeian. That you assume at present, is novel, graceful, and attractive. Give it to me: the body poised on the left side; the left hand pressed against the bend, and the elbow supported by the back of an ottoman; the right hand sometimes passing over the temple, sometimes dishevelling the hair. There! Is this well?"

"Inimitable, my exquisite Patro-

clus! But how? good heaven! you have no shirt collar! What means this revolution? *A man of distinction* is as incomplete without one, as a lark without a crest on its head!"

"They are not worn—they *shall* not be worn—and I will *not* patronise them," said Lockhart, with a vehemence worthy of the subject. "My own *laquais'* sporting the same thing is nothing; I allow them; in fact, their fashionable appearance is indispensable to the complete *success* of mine. But, can you credit it? I went the other morning to my jeweller's in the Strand,—the fellow had the true *cossackian, pointed, mustaches* collar! I left his shop in a rage, and posted to my banker's in Lombard Street; one of his clerks came to me, and he sported—ye Gods!—the *elegant, sentimental, wooing broderie,* which I had

invented, and for which I thought of getting a patent. I hastened thence, in a most justifiable passion, to my lawyer's. The fellows in his office were engaged at their desks; on those very infernal desks I saw the *loose, poetical, waltzing collar,* which I myself had worn only a week before; the *bourgeois* had removed them from their ill-looking necks, lest they might be contaminated by the contents of their goose-quills! After this—after collars have been exhibited in jewellers' shops, bankers' counting houses, and lawyers' offices, tell me, my dear Achilles, is it possible that a man of fashion can patronize them longer?"

"Certainly not, certainly not," replied *Achilles* decidedly.

"It is obvious. Now, therefore, I wear only a black silk handkerchief;

a brilliant in the front of it, and no other neck ornament, positively."

"I adopt it this evening," said Lord Lindor, with the air of one who just makes an important decision. "Apropos,—Lady Caroline Repton is here, with her infernal '*blond comme un blondin*,' as she calls that ugly looking animal of her's, as large as a mastiff of Molossia.—Do you *resume* there?"

"I scarcely know: is there any thing better worth looking at?"

"Lady Fanny is, of course, my Lockhart, out of the question. Miss Emmingford, if you wish it, I will make a point of sacrificing to you."

"Do not think of it, my dear Lindor," interrupted Lockhart. "I assure you I estimate exactly the immensity of the offering your friendship dictates, but I must not be out-

done in generosity. No: I will not deprive you of Miss Emmingford."

"I assure you, however," replied Lord Lindor, laughing, "that she is *transferrable*, and I do not know whether, when I have used her during a few weeks longer, I shall not dispose of her to the best bidder. So, if you are inclined to offer any thing"——

"No, no," returned Lockhart, joining in the laugh of his friend; "she is dreadfully *passée;* has no talents, no *tact* to make any noise amongst *us;* and if I were ever so *done up*, there would be no chance of raising any thing from her on the score of *damages*, you know. Lady Caroline Repton is much more desirable; is but five-and-twenty; beauty enough for a Grecian goddess, and fortune enough to serve as a *dernière resort*."

"I am afraid you will shortly be-

come an arithmetician, Lockhart; you calculate accurately."

"Ha, ha! my Lord Lindor! I am the pupil of an excellent instructress!—*necessity*. I shall certainly keep terms with Lady Caroline, for I cannot afford to lose *that chance*. Is there any one besides?"

"Yes, Sir Albert Beverley, whom every one has heard of."

"*Ciel, quel évenement!*" exclaimed Lockhart; "this is a most confounded *étourderie*. You must know, my Lindor, I have been making the *bon* to this same celebrated Sir Albert Beverley, during these last nine or ten years of my existence. I went to college a mere *boy*, was reduced to the borders of the Stygian flood by a frolic; Sir Albert, pitying my youth and inexperience, snatched me from destruction, and became afterwards

my protector. He left Oxford, and I escaped control. My *égaremens* never reached him. He still calls himself my friend. Six months since, he came on a visit to me at Lady Mary Lockhart's. My sister Catherine, Lindor"——

"Well, proceed," said Lord Lindor coldly; "I adored her passionately once; it was necessary to the constitution of a character like mine, that I should be agitated by the very madness of feeling; otherwise, how could I have attained my present imperturbable quietude?"

"The beauty and the genius of Catherine, then, attracted Beverley. Their union appeared to me 'a consummation devoutly to be wished.' Lady Mary would have been glad that the advantageous establishment of her daughter should have removed

from her a companion, whose superiority she always felt, without being able to shake off its influence. Sir Albert loved her: this was a conviction equally impressed on Lady Mary and myself. Catherine was delighted with his society; they were continually together. I felicitated myself on the certainty of the affairs being *en train:* when behold! without a word by way of explanation, Sir Albert left England: Catherine confined herself to her apartment during nearly a fortnight after his departure. Letters passed between them. How the affair has terminated, I cannot even conjecture. I have not seen Sir Albert Beverley since. Imagine whether the prospect of meeting him at this moment is agreeable?"

"If I were in your situation, the matter would be perfectly indifferent

to me. You did not wilfully *deceive* Sir Albert Beverley. You never expatiated on the sublimity of what he calls virtue, nor shrunk from those little enjoyments, which he denominates *vice*. His affair with the eccentric Catherine appears terminated; and if it were not, the conduct of the brother never influences the man who loves the sister."

"True, and yet such is the influence Sir Albert Beverley acquires over those in his sphere, that I shrink, foolishly shrink, from the idea of losing his *esteem*, perhaps."

"My dear Lockhart, to obtain that very superiority which you imagine he possesses, it is only necessary that you should be perfectly indifferent to the opinion both of Sir Albert Beverley, and of all the world. I imagine that Lady Fanny Lambeth is acquiring

over him that power which Catherine once possessed. Nevertheless I am not *au desespoir*," added Lord Lindor, smiling coldly.

There was a pause of some minutes.

"Are you *quite* suffocated?" demanded his lordship abruptly; "you are in imminent danger of it, I am sure. This infernal atar-gul of mine would be insupportable, if I had any better within my reach. You have executed those commissions with which I charged you, have you not?"

"Yes, most entirely. My Mascarille will bring in your parcel immediately. The brown is *not* out, or I would have informed you of it. That confounded *tailleur* of your's swears roundly, that you are an inch wider in the waist than you were three months since."

"To confine myself to moderate

language, he says the thing that is not. In short, he lies like a Cretan. But hasten, my Lockhart! the hour of your initiation into our manners *here, at the Castle,* approaches, and it is time you began to show your reverence for the divine Plato, by obeying his instructions, and *sacrificing to the graces.*"

CHAPTER XIX.

LORD LINDOR and Mr. Lockhart were not amongst the first arrivals in the suite of apartments thrown open for the reception of visitors at North House. This would have mingled them with the *canaille*, and, *par conséquence*, would have been insufferable.

When they *did* make their *entreé*,—alike elevated by the consciousness of the patrician singularity of their black neck-cloths and brilliant broaches—Lockhart looked around with an air of fashionable languor and *ennui*, which contrasted well with the cold indifference of his noble friend. The *insouciance* of the one appeared the result of indifference to the whole world, and carelessness of himself; of

the other, the effect of fashion, and an affectation of supreme contempt for his associates.

Lady Fanny Lambeth was gracefully occupied in receiving her father's guests. At intervals she conversed with Sir Albert Beverley, with an air of extreme vivacity and pleasure. Harley leaned against the colonnade near them, apparently listening to their conversation, without taking any part in it.

Lord Lindor fixed his eyes on the group. Lady Fanny, the centre of brilliancy and attraction, seemed to him infinitely more charming whilst an object of admiration to all the world.—Lockhart recognized her.

"She improves!" said he in a low voice;—"in five years she will be perfectly enchanting."

"She is too *slippery*," said Lord

Lindor, laughing:—"one never knows when one understands her; one thinks one has her in one's grasp, and she slips off with the greatest ease imaginable. There is as much quicksilver in her composition, as there was in the sixteenth century in the mines of Nuancavelica. Observe with what apparent pleasure she is listening to Sir Albert Beverley. Let us approach them."

Arm in arm, the *exquisites* lounged up the room. Beverley extended his hand to Lockhart with more real emotion than was apparent. He saw the brother of Catherine. What a chain of associations arose from this idea!—

Sir Albert walked away with Lockhart, and Lord Lindor occupied the place next to Lady Fanny.

"I fear I deprive you of a very

agreeable companion," said he, assuming an air of authorized pique.

"I believe Mr. Lockhart was the cause of Sir Albert Beverley's withdrawing," replied Lady Fanny coldly.

"Where is Miss Emmingford?" demanded Lord Lindor.

"I will immediately send a message to her if you wish it," said Lady Fanny complaisantly.

Lord Lindor sighed; an expression of soft melancholy shaded his countenance.

"Dear Lady Fanny," said he, in a tone *irresistibly* tender, "have you no mercy on me?—Have I sinned past praying for?—I believe you know not what conscience is."

"Yes, yes I do," said Lady Fanny, colouring, and endeavouring to conceal her emotion by an air of extreme vivacity; "*conscience* is, as a very

wicked poet of my acquaintance defines it, 'the strait-waistcoat of the 'soul,'—'it winks by day and wakes 'by night,'—'bids spectres rise not 'very like the graces;'—'to towns 'and courts a stranger, and to rural 'swains almost unknown, who once 'delighted listened to her voice, when '*constancy* went hand in hand with 'love.'—However, as neither your Lordship nor myself can pique ourselves much on the possession of that celestial attribute, *constancy*, let us be friends—and do you, in your *virtuoso* character, return to that precious *antique* the Emmingford, and dedicate your verses, billet-doux, and sentimentalities to her as you were wont to do."

"*But, good lady, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of*

your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender," replied Lord Lindor, in a deprecating tone.

Lady Fanny smiled;—her eyes no longer avoided his; and when once they encountered, a spell as potent as the wand of Prosper detained them.

Miss Emmingford was engaged in conversing with a young man from the neighbouring borough, who piqued himself on his reading, and literary researches. Scarcely escaped from the trammels of a school, with all the rust naturally induced by juvenile pursuits and boyish companions,—under the protection of a *roturier* kinsman, but admitted to the Earl of Northbury's on the ground of some distant relationship on the

maternal side,—he imagined himself president of the *auto-da-fé* tribunal of criticism on men and manners, and aspired to the appellation of the Fontenoy *militaires*, "*il est joli comme un cœur*."

This "*joli comme un cœur*," attracted the attention of Lord Lindor and Lady Fanny. The *air occupée* with which Miss Emmingford listened to his *causerie* was sufficiently obvious. They spoke loud—so loud, indeed, that the subject of their conversation was quite understood by Lord Lindor and Lady Fanny.

"What a noise the Emmingford makes with that ill-omened voice of her's!" said the former; "it is well we are not in the open air—that terrible sound would be as fatal to the crows, as the enormous shout of the Greeks in the Isthmian theatre. She is like

the Dodonean brass, which, according to Menander, if a man touched it once, would continue ringing through the whole day."

"*C'est à dire*, she wants variety."

"*Variety;* exactly. That is it which makes you so *à ravir;*—if the Emmingford had it, one might forgive her being *un peu passée.*"

There are moments when a woman devotedly attached to one man, may receive a transient impression of tenderness for another. Scenery and adventitious trifles have great power over the feelings. The splendid light beaming from the brilliant chandeliers, —the exquisite perfume of exotics scattered through the rooms,—the assemblage of elegance and beauty,—and, above all, the apparent isolation of Lord Lindor,—wrought powerfully on the imagination of Lady Fanny. The

talents, the principles, the manly energy of Harley, were all forgotten in the captivating grace of Lord Lindor's poetic pensiveness.

The most generous heart that loves *cannot* wish the happiness of a rival. It would be to destroy the very nature of the passion. The consideration of the felicity of the object beloved, can never prompt such a wish, because she who feels herself depending for happiness, almost for existence, on the affection of him to whom she is devoted—never dares admit the *possibility* that another *could* confer happiness on *him*.

Lady Fanny was young, and from the very candour and inexperience of her nature, eager to admit the conviction that she was beloved! Lord Lindor had unequivocally expressed his sentiments of the superiority of her attractions to Miss Emmingford's.

She did not, for an instant, imagine it possible that he might, perhaps, make Miss Emmingford a similar compliment at *her* expense. She did not know that a more accurate judgment may be formed of a person's sincerity by his conduct to others, than by his kindness to one's-self. She was credulous, because she already loved;—feeling her own superiority, in every point, to Miss Emmingford, and appreciating highly the talents of Lord Lindor, she believed that he could not be guilty of so great injustice to her and to himself, as to prefer one so unworthy of preference. It is *difficult* to a young heart to doubt; it is *impossible* to a female scarcely past childhood, who loves for the first time, to distrust the man who has rendered her susceptible of those new and indescribable emotions.

Lord Lindor perceived the impres-

sion which this moment had made on the mind of Lady Fanny. Comprehending the romance of her character, he understood perfectly how it might best be wrought on. Discarding his pensiveness, he assumed an air of profound and abstracted grandeur, which was more imposing.

"Surrounded by beings like these," he said, "how much strengthened is the line that divides me from man in general! I might sketch my life in a description applied to an illustrious individual: 'Mes premières années 'n'ont rien *eu de singulier*. *Je n'étais* '*qu'un enfant obstiné et* curieux.

'Je réussissais dans ce que j'entre-'prenais, parceque je le voulais: mes 'volontés étaient fortes, et mon carac-'tère décidé. Je n'hésitais jamais, ce 'qui m'a donné de l'avantage sur tout 'le monde. La volonté dépend, au

‘ reste, de la trempe de l'individu ; il
‘ n'appartient pas à chacun d'être maî-
‘ tre chez lui.

‘ Mon esprit me portait à détester
‘ les illusions. J'ai toujours discerné
‘ la vérité de plein saut. C'est pour-
‘ quoi j'ai toujours vu mieux que d'au-
‘ tres le fond des choses. Le monde a
‘ toujours été pour moi dans le fait, et
‘ non dans le droit. Aussi n'ai-je res-
‘ semblé à peu-près à personne. J'ai
‘ été, par ma nature, toujours isolé.

‘ Je n'ai jamais compris quel serait
‘ le parti que je pourrais tirer des
‘ études, et dans le fait elles ne m'ont
‘ servi qu'à m'apprendre des méthodes.
‘ Je n'ai jamais retiré quelque fruit que
‘ des mathematiques. Le reste ne m'a
‘ été utile à rien ; mais j'étudiais par
‘ amour-propre.

‘ Mes facultés intellectuelles pre-
‘ naient cependant leur essor, sans que

'je m'en mêlasse. Elles ne consistaient
'que dans une grande mobilité des
'fibres de mon cerveau. Je pensais
'plus vîte que les autres. Ensuite
'qu'il m'est toujours resté du tems
'pour réfléchir. C'est en cela qu'a
'consisté ma profondeur.

'Ma tête etait trop active pour
'm'amuser avec les divertisemens or-
'dinaires de la jeunesse. Je n'y étais
'pas totalement étranger; mais je
'cherchais ailleurs de quoi m'interes-
'ser. Cette disposition me plaçait dans
'un espèce de solitude où je ne trou-
'vais que mes propres pensées. Cette
'manière d'être m'a été habituelle
'dans toutes les situations de ma vie.

'Je me plaisais à résoudre des
'problêmes: je les cherchais dans les
'mathématiques; mais j'en eus bientôt
'assez, parceque l'ordre matériel est
'extrêmement borné. Je les cherchai

'alors dans l'ordre moral: c'est le tra-
'vail qui m'a le mieux réussi. Cette
'recherche est devenue chez moi une
'disposition habituelle. Je lui ai dû
'les pas que j'ai fait *à la gloire.*'"

"That is the portrait of Sir Albert Beverley!" exclaimed Lady Fanny; "no resemblance can be more accurate. He has all that is described there, with ten thousand noble qualities which you have not mentioned!"

"Lady Fanny! Lady Fanny!" said Lord Lindor, with a voice and manner expressive of jealous distress.

"I comprehend you," said she, smiling with *naive* cordiality. "No, no—to *me* Sir Albert Beverley is a magnificent comet, whose appearance I contemplate with awe and admiration. He assimilates with my idea of the fabulous demi-gods. He is at the summit of humanity,—on the loftiest

pinnacle of grandeur! the consciousness of the dignity of his mind would continually depress me to the insignificance of an atom."

Perhaps Lord Lindor did not like the obvious distinction Lady Fanny drew between himself and Sir Albert Beverley. He was called on to begin the dance with her, and was thus prevented from replying.

Lockhart, meanwhile, had answered the inquiries of Sir Albert, and had, at length, seated himself by Lady Caroline Repton.

"I am so glad you are come, Lockhart," said Lady Caroline; "I am surrounded by a host of insufferables. But for my *pauvre petit blondin* I should die of *ennui*. There is that robust Lady Fanny, so vulgarly in health, and my Lord Northbury incessantly

complaining of disorders *as* vulgar, and with which no person of any *ton* could condescend to be annoyed. There is horrible Miss Burlington raving against reading, and music, and dancing, and conversation, and every thing but slander. There is old Miss Emmingford in her white satins and her pink satins, and her flowers, looking so *gauche* with those large naked arms, flirting with any body *who is not particular;* and endeavouring in vain to coil Lord Lindor in her net. Apropos, of Lord Lindor; do admit me a little into the secret of his designs."

"He is like Aristodemus, my dear Lady Caroline, the only one who saved himself at Thermopylæ, and wiped off his disgrace by a glorious death at Platææ," replied Lockhart laughing. "Poor Lindor! he saved

himself from the attractions of the puffed Laura Emmingford last winter; the winter before—by G—d I believe she is thirteen winters standing;—well, he lately travelled all down the Mall, Piccadilly, and *the west*, boasting his passion for that infantine, *Miss-in-her-teens*, quizzing, Lady Fanny Lambeth; he dashed off the *tocque* of the *seasoned* Emmingford at the old dowager Cawlish's last squeeze in his haste to push himself into a seat on the ottoman by the side of the Lambeth."

"What a hideous dress Miss Emmingford sports to-night!" said Lady Caroline yawning; "it is like the surface of Derbyshire *calamine*, *flashy*, and *uneven*. Do you know yesterday, when she was debating on the merits of various colours, Lady Fanny produced a piece of red orpiment from

Telsobanga, and so suggested the showy brilliancy of this mineral, as something remarkably attractive. The Emmingford sneered and looked spiteful; and Lord Lindor, who had till then been *en attendence* on *her*, muttered 'a *sacré!*' between his teeth, and *pirouetted* off to Lady Fanny immediately."

"That is so *à la Lindor!*" said Lockhart. "Every one acknowledges the accuracy of Lady Caroline Repton's descriptions. Here is my Lord Northbury."

The Earl approached and welcomed Lockhart with an hospitality that might have thrown his eccentricities into complete shade.

Lockhart received the compliments of his noble host with an admirable indifference, attainable only by a man of supreme *ton*.

"This is a scene which always exhilarates me," said the Earl; "I like to see the young and the lively 'trip it on the light fantastic toe;' to hear bursts of merriment,—and witness smiles of pleasure. You never dance, Lady Caroline?"—

"I?" said her ladyship yawning; "Oh, never! I could not support it; my nerves would be so dreadfully shattered — would not they, Lockhart?"

"Most indubitably."

"I never dance; do I Lockhart?"

"Never."

"I am not so robust, am I, Lockhart?"

"Your Ladyship is always excessively delicate."

"Lockhart knows me, my Lord do you not, Lockhart?"

"It is the happiness and the honour

of my life, that I do," replied he, following up the flirtation.

"As to myself," said the Earl, "heaven knows I have nothing to boast of on the score of health. No man can have the misfortune of more frequent indisposition. If I walk half a dozen miles, I am in a fever. If I hunt—even but for eight or nine hours—I am worse. If I shoot, I return with a voracious appetite which it would be death to indulge. If I walk in my grounds, I have the rheumatism. If I remain in a close apartment, I have the gout. If I sit still, my nerves are irritated, and I become hypochondriac. If I read, my eyes are so weak that I suffer inconceivably. If I wish to converse much, I am restrained by the fear of breaking a blood-vessel. I dare not eat *satisfactorily*, on account of an

apoplectic habit; and I tremble at the prospect of inducing marasmus by abstemiousness."

The Earl sighed profoundly. Lockhart would have laughed, but the indifference which his character of one of the supreme *ton* required him to support, prevented him.

"There is a simple remedy which it is really surprising your Lordship will not adopt," replied Lady Caroline; "the only thing in the world that you ought to do, is to be completely quiet,—not to *ennui* yourself by contemplating the result of any action, but to take events tranquilly as they occur. I am sure this method, with occasional *references* to *sal volatile*, would deprive you of all those vulgar complaints which ought to be confined to the *canaille*. There is a degree of elegance connected with

depression of spirits and languor"—yawning—" which can never be the attendant of gout and flannel—or of weak eyes, and a green shade."

The Earl frowned angrily, and walked away.

" *Quelle corvée!*" said Lady Caroline affectedly; " take this, Lockhart, as a specimen how my feelings are daily annoyed. Upon my honour, the greatest stretch of imagination cannot conceive what I endure. Here is Miss Emmingford, and that horrible *roturier-garçon* whom Lord Northbury suffers to pollute people of a certain class by his vicinity, because the three hundred and sixtieth drop of blood in his veins was infused by some remote branch of the house of Lambeth."

Miss Emmingford and her companion approached.—" the fact is," said the Lady, continuing her conver-

sation, "Lord Lindor's devotion, and indeed his actual *engagement* in another quarter, is perfectly known. He does not deny it, and his present attentions to Lady Fanny Lambeth, are merely *pour passer le tems*. She is a pretty child—a plaything—a bauble to be sported with when leisure or caprice prompts, and thrown aside when novelty is worn off."

"Do you know, I think you are mistaken—is not she, Lockhart?" said Lady Caroline.

"I almost believe it," replied Lockhart.

Miss Emmingford turned round, bit her lip, and requested Lady Caroline to name to her the gentleman who had just spoken.

"Oh, it is Lockhart, every one knows Lockhart, that is, all the *personages*,—not the *bourgeois*, not Miss Burlington,

par exemple. Lockhart knows you, for I have been saying something about you, I forget what,—I have the worst memory in the world—have not I Lockhart?"

"Certainly, *every body* has, everybody who is not *bourgeois*—and *they* are, in fact *nobody.*"

"And as to Lady Fanny, do you know, Miss Emmingford, Lockhart thinks that Lord Lindor will marry her, don't you Lockhart?"

"Yes, upon my honour: she is *new,* and admired by *particular circles.*"

"And the *passées* are quite out, are they not, Lockhart? And it is impossible for any man to introduce a *passée* into *particular circles,* is it not, Lockhart?"

—"Quite, they are *done up.* We cannot *patronize* them," said Lock-

hart, staring *elegantly* at Miss Emmingford.

The dance was finished, and Lady Fanny with Lord Lindor joined the group.

"The youth with Miss Emmingford, Mr. Philip Ferrarton, bowed to Lady Fanny, and entreated to be allowed the honour of dancing the first *valse* with her.

"You waltz?" said Lady Fanny; "I had really no idea your science extended so far. Before I engage myself to you, I should be glad to receive ocular demonstration of your capabilities :—here is plenty of room, you may commence *figurante* as soon as you will."

Mr. Philip Ferrarton was, for once, *confused*. All his bourgeois superiority, and school-boy impudence failed him. Lord Lindor sneered, Lockhart

idem, and Lady Caroline condescended to be natural enough to laugh.

"Politeness even to the most insignificant person, *ought* to be extended," said Miss Emmingford.

"Can Miss Emmingford doubt that I think so when mine extends even to her?" said Lady Fanny.

"We excuse in childhood that,"—began Miss Emmingford.

"Of which we would again be guilty, if by being so, we could *resume* our childhood," interrupted Lady Fanny, carelessly.

Miss Emmingford seemed to appeal to Lord Lindor by a look. Mr. Philip Ferrarton recovered from his embarrassment, when he perceived that even the nobly descended Miss Emmingford was, in the estimation of *particular circles*, NOBODY.

"And this," thought Sir Albert Beverley, "is the manner in which beings created for eternity, prepare themselves for it! These are the scenes in which the soul is gradually advanced to perfection! These women are to be wives—mothers of others, whose education *they* are to superintend; whose faculties *they* are to develope; whose hearts *they* are to train to happiness and respectability!

Here is a father—a peer—a legislator—on whom all the goods of this life are showered, rendering himself insensible of the blessing, by imagining himself the prey of a combination of maladies, of every one of which *unhappily* he is completely ignorant.

"*There*, his lovely daughter, in the bloom of youth and beauty, gifted with no common talents, trifles away her time on insignificant pursuits,

blindly neglects the honest, honourable heart of a man of talents, of virtue, of religion; of one who loves her alone, and loves her too nobly to endure a divided affection—neglects him for whom?—For a wretched trifler, a sceptic, a romantic visionary, repining continually at the trifling accidents which annoy him in his actual position—sighing after blessings difficult of attainment, only whilst they are difficult, and in the very moment of *possession*, rejecting and loathing them.

"What am I in the midst of such beings, and what account could I give of the days and the months which I spend in these trivial occupations? Is it for this that I am thrown into an elevated sphere of society? Is it for this, that so few of the common disasters of life afflict

me? Is it for this, that I am blest with abundant leisure? Were my energies, my talents, my influence over man, given to me, that they should be enveloped in this profound shade of uselessness?

"And this is the result of passion!

"Oh, Catherine, how I loved thee! What brilliant visions of felicity I imaged, of which *thou* wert the bright, beaming, guiding star! How dear, how precious was thy splendor to me! How every nobler faculty seemed called into exercise whilst I was conversing with thee! How delicate was thy wit—how radiant thy genius—how noble thy soul!

"And *thou* art not happy! Thy whole hope of bliss reposed on one point;—it failed, and thou wert undone!

"What is there in life on which we can rely? On what felicity can we

securely reckon? All, all is uncertain, vain, and fleeting!

"Is the satisfaction that results from gratified passion, equivalent to the misery of disappointment? Ah no! In the very moment of success, the aching vacuum, the restless imagination, forcibly impresses man with the conviction, that *this* is not sufficient to occupy his soul!

"Talents cultivated, and usefully employed,—a revenue expended in a manner which, by affording occupation to the industrious indigent, promotes in the best mode, *general utility*—present sources of satisfaction totally independent on adventitious circumstances. How gracious to the heart is the consciousness of having "laid out the talent with which it has been entrusted, so as to secure tenfold interest! How mighty are the consolations of a pure and rational re-

ligion! How inexhaustible the resources of a mind impressed with its truths!

"I will return to the seat of my ancestors, and endeavour to render the annoyance which there awaits me, conducive, perhaps, to my felicity! The cold selfishness of Ella Grafton may be warmed into benevolence, and I may be almost happy!"

The idea of Ella Grafton, suggested at such a moment, was a sensible relief to the mind of Sir Albert Beverley. Distracted by the glare and the bustle around him, the recollected *repose* of her character, had the effect of the *chiaro-oscuro*. Its sober hue had the power of tranquillizing him; and, perhaps, this was the first moment in which he had recurred to it with pleasure.

CHAPTER XX.

DAYS passed, and still Sir Albert Beverley remained at North-House. Perhaps he was curious to observe the game that was playing there. In this short interval, he gained a more competent knowledge of the character of Lockhart than the acquaintance of many previous years had been able to afford him. He understood not only its frivolity and shallowness, but he detected also its depravity and looseness. The apparently sentimental friendship that existed between him and Lord Lindor, had its origin in a similarity of taste as far as regarded pursuits from which Beverley shrunk with horror and contempt,

and owed its actual existence to that very similarity.

Whether Lord Lindor was merely a sceptic or a confirmed infidel was a disputable point. It seemed that he aimed at assuming a Proteus-like appearance, without ever losing his individuality as a man of genius. Supreme in the world not only of fashionable manners, but of fashionable literature, he was ambitious of appearing to owe the distinction to genius, entirely divested of that laborious study by which men in general acquire eminence.

Lady Fanny, captivated by his brilliant exterior and captivatingly singular manners,—delighting in the belief of his devotion to her,—and imagining that the halo of celebrity which surrounded him, would likewise brighten over all those with

whom he was connected,—was, nevertheless, evidently disturbed by the fluctuating attentions which he sometimes extended to Miss Emmingford. Somewhat attached to masculine pursuits, for she was a skilful and habitual huntress,—impetuous in feeling,—childish, almost infantile in the knowledge of the world,—abundantly endowed with talents and susceptibility,—haughty, careless, and though graceful, *unformed* in her manners,—she presented a combination of contrarieties, curious to the philosophizing speculator, and interesting to the lover of nature. Continually appearing to despise herself, because she permitted Lord Lindor's capricious attention to Miss Emmingford to disturb her, she yet had not sufficient command of her feelings to sacrifice them to principle and reason,—to

detect the meretricious glare that shone around him, from the pure brilliancy resulting from the union of virtue with talent,—to reject his assuming pretensions with the disdain they merited,—and to recognize at once the merit and noble simplicity of Harley's character.

Harley, indignant at a preference, which he felt was most unworthily placed, whilst he was conscious that the cause of it was in a great measure attributable to himself, acted as if that consciousness did not exist. Penetrating the pride and the self-elation that was concealed under the courteous indifference of Lord Lindor's manners, he the more fondly cherished his own rugged, uncultivated exterior. He was continually in danger of confounding a polished address with dissimulation, and courtesy with false-

hood. Suspicion was about to usurp the place of a candour that had once approached to simplicity, and even the influence of Sir Albert Beverley's character and example, could not completely prevent such a result.

Of all the *varieties in woman*, that class to which Miss Emmingford belonged, was precisely the most revolting to a man of taste, of imagination, and of sensibility. *Thirty* is not the age in which we excuse affectation and caprice, by the consideration,

> "Avec tant d'attraits précieux,
> "Hélas! qui n'eût été friponne?
> "Tu le fus, objet gracieux,
> "Et que l'amour me le pardonne,
> "Tu sais que je l'en aimais mieux."

When the rosy freshness and bloom of early youth are faded never to return,—when the vivacious brilliancy

of the eye is displaced by a more steady splendor,—*imagination* must afford the means of existing attraction,—*imagination* must give play to the features and mobility to the countenance; it is *imagination* and *genius* alone, that can bestow the graces and the *onction d'aimer* of a perpetual spring.

Miss Emmingford, with an education perfectly common place,—without natural susceptibility,—entirely deficient in the sensibility that is the offspring of genius, and in the radiance of superior intelligence,—despised all those of her own sex who possessed these fascinations. A high colour, and fine showy hair, had considerably aided her pretensions to beauty on her *debût* in the great world. But the glow of the former was gone, and much of the gloss and the pro-

fusion of the other. Her bloom had been the effect resulting from a physical source, entirely independent on the emotions and the play of the mind. The pliant grace of youth had deserted her figure, and no taste existed to supply the loss. Without one attraction which love itself could heighten into a beauty, she had a fund of vanity, not a little strengthened by the knowledge, that *she* was the *Laura* to whom Lord Lindor had given all the prospect of descending to posterity which his verses could possibly afford.

Her friend, Miss Burlington, was a character completely negative. Neither handsome nor plain,—benevolent nor avaricious,—kind nor severe,—charitable nor a lover of scandal,—she escaped the imputation of *nothingness* only by the positive possession

of extreme dulness. She was admitted every where because she was rich,—she was always overlooked in an assembly, because the eye, in passing over her, might, from her actual *stillness,* have mistaken her for one of the composition-caricatures of angels and muses that hold the chandeliers to the view of the admiring frequenters of provincial balls; and her existence at a dinner-party was remembered chiefly by the lady hostess reminding the *domestic out of livery,* to hand Miss Burlington a plate remarkably well filled."

Lady Caroline Repton was a widow at the early age of twenty-two. Removed from the protection of fond parents to that of a doating husband, older by some years than herself, the natural indolence of her temperament had been rather fostered by indul-

gence, than excited into industry by the prospect of *attracting*. The voluptuous beauty of her person might have captivated the fancy of a Nabob or a Soldan, but its character was not of that nature which is particularly attractive to Englishmen.

She had, however, a fine fortune,—an air of extreme *ton*,—a decided station in the *most particular circles*,—and Lockhart was aware that she would be an amazingly good speculation for *him*. He marked out his line of conduct accordingly; sometimes paying her the most sedulous attention, and at others the most pointed neglect, he, at once, rendered himself necessary to her, and inforced on her mind the *conviction* of this necessity. To influence her heart was impossible, for she *had* no heart,—or, at least, fashion had so completely shrouded it, that its emotions were

never perceptible,—but he worked successfully on her helplessness, and she had no energy to repel him, even if she had inclination.

Miss Emmingford was gone on one of her accustomed expeditions to the provincial town. Her friend, Miss Burlington, accompanied her. Lady Fanny wanted some books, and Lord Lindor proposed to drive her in his curricle to the Borough, whilst Lady Caroline and Lockhart occupied a phaeton of Lord Northbury's, and Sir Albert Beverley with Mr. Harley, accompanied them on horseback.

Perhaps Harley was the only person displeased with the arrangement. He did not, however, suffer that displeasure to appear, and they set off on the excursion.

A soft, bright sun,—a clear and tran-

quil atmosphere,—a delightful road, coasted on either side by highly cultivated fields, and all the scenery which an agricultural county affords; the sportive flight and gay warblings of the birds; the universal harmony that appears to pervade nature; plunge the soul into reverie, and by occupying all its faculties of enjoyment, deprive it of the wish of expressing satisfaction.

Sir Albert Beverley was a disappointed man. His heart had never yet been able entirely to lose the impression of Catherine Lockhart, or rather of that image which imagination and *le besoin d'aimer* had united to create, and which he had given to life in the *form* of Catherine Lockhart. At this moment his soul was absorbed by a delicious reverie, on which external objects produced no effect, except by their power of increasing

its *abandonnement*. Catherine, lovely and beloved,—brilliant and unhappy,—restless and agitated, yet never complaining,—stood before him. He saw her,—he heard her voice,—he shook from the electricity of her touch,—he passed his hand over his brows, and the vision had fled!

Harley was at his side, and but that he knew how many, and how various, and how minute are the shades of human suffering, he might have wondered what could cause the occasional depression of the honoured, the noble Sir Albert Beverley. For himself, contemplating the devotedness of attention with which Lady Fanny listened to Lord Lindor, he execrated the weakness, the vanity of the female character, and his own folly in permitting his happiness to depend on the caprice of *such* a being!

They arrived at the town-library, and, preceded by Lady Fanny, entered the shop.

Lord Lindor began to turn over some new publications, and Lady Fanny, seating herself between Sir Albert Beverley and Harley, amused herself and her companions with comments, and *petites histoires* of the persons who frequented the library.

"There is no spot on earth," said she, "in which it is so difficult to live with comfort, as in a provincial town. Engrossed by its own contemptible amusements and *bourgeois* manufactures, it is generally an epitome of all that is vulgar and arrogant, unpretending and ignorant."

"You are right," said Harley; "as the sphere of observation is contracted, so it is proportionably minute. The faculty of scandalizing is substi-

tuted for the talent of conversing; a ridicule of science obtains in all its circles; people of genius are treated with an affected contempt, which is easily penetrated and avoided with a real fear, and a continual consciousness of inferiority on the part of their avoiders."

"If commerce be necessary to the literary eminence of a nation," said Sir Albert Beverley, "it is, perhaps, unfavourable to its literary ascendancy. Wealth contests, and often obtains, that place in general society which ought to be consecrated to talents. The pursuers of the lower branches of commerce, generally denominated traders and manufacturers, are the petty torments of all the unfortunate people of genius and literature, that can, by any means, be degraded to the sphere of their observation."

"It is of this mechanic class that the gentry of ——— is composed," said Lady Fanny. "People of acquirements or of education even, are not generally found here,—and much more rarely is it the abode of genius and literary distinction."

"Precious place!" exclaimed Lord Lindor, throwing down a pamphlet which he had hitherto been examining. "It is true, that between pretenders and the really eminent, there will always be discord; but the latter are generally quiet until actually forced on the scene of contention; and, when unavoidably driven to contest, they assert their claims with as much dignity and as little noise as possible."

Harley smiled sarcastically, for he felt *at* whom this was pointed.

"The ill-educated daughters of a manufacturer," said Lady Fanny, "are here employed half the day in

gaining some superficial knowledge to sport in a *bourgeois* party in the evening; the other half is occupied in ridiculing any female of decided literary eminence, whom accident or circumstances may have thrown into their sphere. The more elevated and the more universally ascertained her claims, the more inveterate are they."

"Is not that a natural consequence?" demanded Sir Albert, smiling; "as the cause increases, so will the effect."

"True,—it is so. These people imagine that individual strength must shrink from an encounter with their own obstinate and invincibly ignorant phalanx. The retreat of the object of their persecution, which can proceed from no other source than contempt, appears to them the result of a dread of their own decided supe-

riority, and of the unquestionable *rank* they imagine themselves to hold in society."

"*Rank!*" exclaimed Lady Caroline with a shrug; "how ridiculous!"

"Oh, they little know," continued Lady Fanny, "how despicable, how puerile, how mean, the very best of the possessions on which they pride themselves, are, in the view of towering energies, and brilliant genius! Their ridicule of talent appears *more* than ridiculous to the objects of such ridicule; it provokes only a laugh rather perhaps of pity than derision. Observe these two females of 'passing strange' exterior, just entering; these, Sir Albert Beverley, will form another page in your collection of those traits that render the *varieties in woman* so infinite."

The young women who had at-

tracted Lady Fanny's observation, approached the librarian, and the elder of them in a short, quick, affected voice, asked for some new publication.

1*st Lady*.—" Are the 'Tales of my 'Landlord' at home? They have been promised to me this age."

2*nd Lady*.—" They have been promised to us this age, they have indeed."

Librarian.—" I am extremely sorry; I know not how it has happened; they are at North House at present."

1*st Lady*. — " At North House? Indeed! My Lord Northbury is, I believe, a *valetudinarian*, and, I think, at such a period, there are other books rather more proper than *novels*."

2*nd Lady*.—" In such a situation there are certainly other books more proper than novels; that is indisputable."

Librarian.—" I am extremely sorry it has happened so, Ladies. Here is Lady Morgan's 'Florence Macarthy,' if you have not read it."

1*st Lady.*—" Oh, no! we have no intention of reading it: it is all about *Ireland,* and *pedantry.* I never read any thing of her's, since I found a *Latin* quotation in one of her works,—it is so dreadfully affected. And it was all *borrowed* Latin too; if it had been her own *invention,* indeed,—in short, I am an invincible foe to plagiarism."

2*nd Lady.*—" We are certainly invincible foes to plagiarism."

Librarian. — " The first literary people of the place are enraptured with it. I am sorry you are prejudiced against it."

1*st Lady.*—" *Prejudiced!* Oh dear no! we are by no means *prejudiced,* for that is certainly the mark of a very contracted mind. As to the literary

people, I suppose you mean Mr. A., Mrs. Q., and Miss B.: I can assure you their opinion has no weight with *me*. I detest pretenders, and I am independent enough to judge for myself. Miss B.'s affectation is really quite past enduring,—I am informed that she speaks Greek, and quotes it in support of every sentence she utters."

A Gentleman (entering from the reading room.) "You are mistaken, upon my honour; you are, indeed. You know the only authority you have is Philip Ferrarton's; a lying, impudent, uneducated boy, presuming himself a gentleman, on account of some five hundredth degree of relationship to my Lord of Northbury, and his admission to the entertainments at North House. Miss B. is by much too proud to associate with

any of us: I understand, from a very intimate friend of her's, that nothing can equal the cool tranquillity of her nature, that the most invidious observations respecting her have not the least power of annoying her, and that all the calumny invented by 'envy, hatred, and malice,' in her own sex, or the mortified feelings resulting from checked presumption, or from her haughty manner, in ours, are, if she considers them for a moment, sources of amusement merely, and are more frequently entirely disregarded. You will recollect my dear Miss Le Dorre, that she employs herself in developing the character of every one with whom she converses: Philip Ferrarton's is not the most complicated that imagination can paint. All the folly, the disgusting assumption of it must be instantly

perceptible to a woman possessing her fine tact of discrimination. She humoured him, she sported with him, she drew him out so completely, that nothing remained to be discovered; checking continually all his approaches to familiarity by a careless *hauteur* which is never thrown off any where, but in her own boudoir. Depend upon it, the next time Miss B. presents to the world the portrait of a *nondescript* fool, the full-length image of Philip Ferrarton will appear on the canvass, glowing with all the originality, and the graceful *ridiculousness* she will contrive to throw over it. Do not let us abuse Miss B.;—you, my dear Miss Le Dorre, who wear at least the *heel* of a *bas bleu*, should be merciful. For myself, I confess, with all due humility, that she is removed infinitely above *my* sphere,—that her

rank in life will speedily be ascertained by her literary eminence,—and that——will, perhaps, hereafter be one of many places, contesting for the honour of her birth, when *we* shall be forgotten. My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Le Dorre and your brothers; good morning!"

1*st Lady*.—"Humph! He intends to marry Miss B. I suppose, if she will have him. Philip Ferrarton is worth twenty of *him*, however. And so Miss B. admires Lady Morgan's 'FLORENCE MACARTHY'?"

Librarian.—"Decidedly, I am told Miss B. seldom honours our Library with a visit, but I am informed by a friend of her's, that she does admire it."

1*st Lady*.—"Well, it is just what I expected. *All* authors are Democratic and Jacobinical; there ought

really to be a law to put them down. I dare say the oratorical abilities of our very intimate friend, Mr. Y., our present member, will eventually elevate him to the dignity of premier; I shall certainly speak to him on this subject. Well, and what does Miss B. *say* about 'Florence Macarthy'?"

Librarian.—"As I have told you, Miss Le Dorre, that my information is merely second hand, I will not vouch for its authenticity. I am told, that she says there is the same imaginativeness, the same splendid imagery, the same glowing enthusiasm, the same touch that gives a life and a breathing to every syllable,—which is conspicuous in all Lady Morgan's writings."

1*st Lady.*—"Very fine, indeed!—Well, I think I will have it, if it be only to discover how misapplied and

ridiculous Miss B.'s opinions are. Ah! here are all the Ardingtons.—How do you do Miss Ardington?"—[The "*do you*," pronounced as if it were written *dju*.]—Miss Katrine I am very glad to see you: Miss Amanda, Miss Emmelina,—Mr. Rupert, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Charles, Mr. Paulus, Mr. Wilfred,—it is really an age since you called. I am rejoiced that you happened to come in so very *apropos;* I am selecting some books: what think you of 'Florence Macarthy'?"

Miss Ardington.—"There is no sentiment, and without sentiment, what is life?"

Miss Katrine A.—"There are so few officers that it is quite disagreeable. And General Fitzwalter is so out-of-the-way, it is really quite tiresome."

Miss Amanda A.—"And besides, there are no balls, nor any thing."

Mr. Rupert A.—" It is besides so devilish Jacobinical."

Mr. Raymond A.—" And really, in many places, quite abusive of the law, not to say of the *gospel* too, hey Rupert?—ha! ha! ha! Good that, was it not?"

Mr. Charles A.—" And then, Lady Morgan seems to forget what is due to the character of a gentleman?—She does, upon my honour!"

Mr. Wilfred A.—" I can forgive any thing rather than the abuse of the law, which is, in fact, our safeguard, our national defence, and the scourge of all *libellers* and *Jacobinical book-makers*."

Mr. Raymond A.—" It is the *Simeonitish* doctrines, that induce all these Methodistical heresies. For my part, I think there ought to be a law, to declare ministers infallible as the Pope."

Miss Le Dorre.—" Mr. Z—— has just been here, trumpeting the praises of that haughty and disagreeable Miss B. Do you know he has accused me of being a blue-stocking? It is really quite terrible, that one cannot read a little without acquiring so odious a distinction. For my part, I should be glad, 'along the cool, se-'questered vale of life, to keep the 'noiseless tenor of my way,' if people would permit it. I hate to be thrust into notice. There are, I dare say, many people who *could* write as well as Miss B. if their delicacy did not prevent their forcing themselves on public attention."

Miss Amanda Ardington.—" Yes; and without having that mean invention which obliges them to have recourse to real characters for their portraits. Do you know, they say, that

Miss B. has *taken us off* in her last novel?"

Miss Le Dorre.—Scandalous!—Really, if people in a *certain sphere* of life, are exposed to the satire of every person who chooses to write, all gradations of society must instantly be broken down."

Miss Ardington.—"True; and when satire is substituted for sentiment, the reader is always a loser."

Miss Le Dorre.—"And more particularly satire of people in *our* situation in life. But it is almost *mess* time; if we do not hasten, parade will be over. Are you for walking?"

Miss Amanda A.—"Oh, yes; we may as well all go together. Come, Louisa, Katrine, Emmelina, Rupert, Raymond, Charles, Paulus, Wilfred, let us be off. How I *do* hate Miss B.; and as to people calling her hand-

some, it really seems to me absolutely ridiculous!"

"This," said Lady Fanny, "is no unfavourable specimen of the society of this place. The two out-of-the-way-looking beings who first came in, are the daughters of a manufacturer, who, by the death of a relation, has lately succeeded to a tolerably decent competence, which has increased the pride of his family, until this period always struggling to support an appearance of gentility without the means. *Then*, it was the mode of the daughters to speak of 'Papa's aver-'sion to learned ladies, and Mamma's 'preference of utility to show,' to excuse their own deficiency in those ornamental accomplishments, which are generally considered absolutely essential to gentility. But *lately* some

wonderful change has occurred in the opinions both of papa and mamma, and the girls have had masters of all sorts to sharpen their obtuse capacities, and render them something approaching to *presentable*."

"And it is such people as these," exclaimed Harley, "that presume to decide on talents of the highest order; ought not the very *name* of Lady Morgan to have silenced their puerile criticisms and grossly ignorant invectives? Happily the distinguished authoress is in a rank both of literature and of society, which prevents attacks so contemptible from impressing her feelings in the slightest degree."

"Nevertheless, genius is almost always sensitive," said Lady Fanny. "But peculiar circumstances in Miss B.'s life have obliged her to aim at

acquiring that enviable coolness which results rather from intrepidity than indifference."

"Surely," replied Harley, "the buzzing of insects so grovelling as these, can tease her only for a moment, in the same manner as the mighty monarch of the forest is annoyed by the impotent attacks of gnats and flies."

"You are right. I do not know the young gentleman who was the defender of Miss B.; I am convinced, nevertheless, that his understanding is something superior to the beaten tract, by the excellent analysis he gave of my delectable kinsman, Philip Ferrarton. That boy *educated* at fifteen; thrown from school into a lawyer's office; admitted into the circles at ——, into which, in truth, very slight claims *do*, and *ought*, to

procure admission; is, at once, ignorant, presuming, pusillanimous and haughty. The most unfortunate event in his life is his remote consanguinity to our house, because it increases his presumption without raising one laudable emulation. I myself have frequently checked him, when he has presumed to speak of Miss B. in a manner evidently designed to impress his hearer with a conviction that *he* is in habits of familiarity with her. Good heaven! with what disdain she would reject the mere *supposition* of such an intimacy!"

"Is she proud? that is, has she the pride of genius?" demanded Harley, glancing at Lord Lindor.

"It is impossible," replied Lady Fanny, "for any person to stand more aloof from all the petty debates, intrigues, and factions, that form

bubbles on the surface of that shallow, impure, and stagnant stream, which composes the society of —— than she does. She once said to me—'*the people into the midst of whom I am 'unfortunately thrown, do me the favour 'to make me often the theme of their dis-'course. It is said that literary people 'can bear the grossest calumnies better 'than a contemptuous silence, which im-'plies an oblivion of their very existence; 'this may be true;—I believe it to be 'so.*"

"Most certainly it is," said Harley, —"apparent *insouciance* often conceals the most acute perception of this truth. My Lord Lindor will certify my opinion."

Lord Lindor affected perfect unconsciousness.

"You should not interrupt Miss B." said Lady Fanny; "she continued,

'I am, therefore, obliged to the society 'here, for making me the frequent object 'of animadversion and controversy. I 'testify my gratitude in the only manner 'in my power: I keep myself always at 'a distance from them, because I am not 'so little aware either of their capabili-'ties or of my own, as to believe that 'they would be completely at ease at any 'party where I might be present.'"

"Vastly polite!" drawled Lady Caroline.

Lady Fanny continued in the words of Miss B.,—'*from this mode of con-'duct I derive no inconsiderable amuse-'ment. Every one pretends to know me, 'and to have observed in me certain pe-'culiarities which distinguish me from 'others. Above all, they affect to pene-'trate my attachments and aversions. I 'have no hesitation in saying, that I dis-'like them all* EN MASSE; *that they are,*

*'at once, ridiculous, ignorant, and con-
'temptible,—of consequence in their own
'estimation, and completely despicable in
'that of others. They dread me, because
'they are conscious that, having injured
'me in all the petty ways in their power,
'they deserve the severe retaliation which
'I have the means of making. They
'believe that I employ myself in detailing
'those absurdities which are the compo-
'nent ingredients in the characters of all
'of them, and in presenting the incon-
'gruous mixture to the world. Well, be
'it so! I will take care, that my pages
'are never deformed by any unnatural
'monster which at once shocks reason
'and true genius. To render the per-
'sonages of fiction accurate transcripts
'of life, it is necessary that human na-
'ture should be my continual study.
'The heterogeneous groups which I con-
'stantly encounter, present so many shades*

'in the formation of human beings to 'my view, that I am often at a loss to 'choose from the infinite variety. It is 'quite certain, that my portraits abound 'with individual traits. I do not re-'member ever to have sketched a cha-'racter, the prototype of which I had 'not seen in actual existence. If I throw 'into my personages original traits of 'character, it is quite sufficient for me, 'and ought to satisfy others, as the 'clue is destroyed by which identity 'might be ascertained. If this content 'does not exist, I am sorry for it, not 'for my own sake, for I am indifferent, 'but for the sake of others who disturb 'their tranquillity by their unacknow-'ledged fear of me.'

Three females entering at this moment, afforded Lady Fanny new subject for comment; when they were gone,—

"Those ladies," said she, "are the daughters of another manufacturer, distinguished only by constant opposition to the politics of the day, of whatever sort they may be; and by the peculiar *ill-lookingness* of his numerous and hopeful progeny. God forbid that I should, for a moment be suspected of belonging to that class who disapprove the sending out of missionaries! It would be presumption in me to say how very—very warmly I *advocate* it; it requires no *advocate;* the importance, the necessity of it, are allowed by all those who *believe.* Numerous societies have been established, which are called *pence subscription societies,* one member of which, out of a certain number, collects from all those who subscribe through her medium, a penny a week, which she pays to the treasurer at the end

of every quarter. It is incalculable how much this charitable institution is abused in the hand of the mischievous. The collectors imagine themselves called on to support by their sentiments, loudly, vehemently, and ignorantly, uttered, that cause towards which they are only required to collect contributions. They advocate Calvinism, of which they comprehend nothing, and contrive to throw a mystic veil over the sublimest and most comprehensive truths, by ignorant bigotry and religious assumption. The most strenuous opposer of the doctrines of Calvin never so effectually succeeded in bringing them into disrepute, as these pseudo-disciples have done by haranguing in his favour. Those young women, who have just left the shop with religious tracts, belong to this class.

They attend death-beds, harassing the mind of the sufferer with questions on disputed points, and requiring his assent to topics which, according to their bigotted and unphilosophic minds, are the only path by which salvation can be obtained. Polemic disputes, in the hands of the most skilful, are dangerous; in those of the ignorant, destructive. I have heard this from the lips of the most rational, the most talented, the most christian-like, and the mildest of the moderate Calvinists, my own Ella Grafton!"

"Ella Grafton!" exclaimed Sir Albert, with a sudden motion, as if touched by "the electric chain, wherewith we are darkly bound."

Lord Lindor threw down the pamphlet; he leaned on Lady Fanny's chair; admiration and unaffected de-

light for once displaced the quietude of his countenance. "Ella Grafton!" said he, "what would I not give to be thrown again into the sphere of the mild, the dignified, the intellectual, the graceful Ella Grafton!—Possessing the decisive energy of the one sex, with the tender sensibility and delicate genius of the other, oh, where is the individual that can compete with the lovely, the beloved, the idolized Ella Grafton?"

"Where," said Harley, "is the being that deserves even to be compared to her? The very *scrupulousness* of christianity becomes beautiful and attractive in her, because the severity of her theory is softened and rendered fascinating by the charity, the universal benevolence, of her practice. Dignified, natural, and unaffected, she dares the scrutiny of the most

acute observer, without hypocrisy, without assumption, without simulation,—nothing remains to be discovered, that is not more amiable, more attractive, more resplendent, than was promised even by the first inspection? There is no coquetry, no necessity for it; whenever Ella Grafton appears, admiration is an universal tribute paid to her; she disdains all bye paths to attain it; it is her prescriptive right, and he must have the heart of a savage, and the head of a brute, who could refuse it to her!"

"And who is so unpretending?" said Lady Fanny, ardently; "who so ready to assist in the very humblest pleasures, to which her participation gives a touch of reason, which otherwise they must have wanted! Who is so firm, so sincere, so upright

a friend as Ella Grafton? She does not disdain the friendship of any, however inferior to her in intellect; and who, who has the mind that equals Ella Grafton's? Conscious of the dignity of her principles, she disdains any artificial brilliancy connected with an avowal of her intimacy with the first characters of the age. She is not afraid to be humbled in the eyes of the world, because she does not disdain the society of those who are, in all that is pre-eminent, beyond comparison inferior to her! Lord Lindor says of her, that she is the only woman whom the severity of religious principles renders but more attractive. Harley says of her, that she is the only woman whom the most *bland* and unassuming courtesy does not render hypocritical and humiliated. Catherine Lockhart says of

her, that she is the only woman, in whom a continual and systematic, rational and dispassionate view of things has not blunted the edge of her finer perceptions, and destroyed the resplendency and originality of genius; and *I* say of her, that she is the only woman of her talents who would not despise the friendship of the childish, the frivolous, the Amazonian huntress, Fanny Lambeth!"

"By heaven, the woman who could despise such loveliness, and such unpretending ability, *cannot* exist!" exclaimed Harley, impetuously.

Lady Fanny blushed to the very temples.

Lord Lindor whispered something to her, in the most insinuatingly gentle taste imaginable.

Harley looked angry, Lady Fanny

herself appeared displeased. She soon re-collected her presence of mind, and recurred to the former subject of their conversation.

"I was speaking of the ladies, who came here for religious tracts," said she. "I intended to tell you, that they are the very intimate friends and co-adjutors of our Miss Emmingford and Miss Burlington. It is at the house of these people, that scandal is invented and retailed in parcels, where I am accused of flirting with all the men within my reach, and endeavouring to seduce the heart of a man who is already engaged to one of the aforesaid *coterie*. There the Miss Le Dorres go for the pleasure of hearing the relation of a few of Lady Fanny Lambeth's follies. There Miss Burlington invents new combinations of delicacies to satisfy her voracious

appetite, and learns a new method of *soling* her blue kid slippers. There the darling Miss Emmingford is flattered into a belief that beautiful pictures do not lose their gloss and their brilliant colouring by the lapse of many years, and their frequent exhibition during such an interval. At this moment, they are detailing to Miss Emmingford the gay circle assembled here. She recognizes the description, and *la voici!*"

Miss Emmingford and Miss Burlington entered as lady Fanny was speaking. She continued lounging carelessly on the camp-chair. Lord Lindor preserved his attitude, and Harley turned to conceal a smile.

Miss Emmingford looked at Lady Fanny with much haughty *littleness*, but immediately withdrew her eyes in confusion as she encountered the

gaze of Sir Albert Beverley, a confusion which was not dissipated on perceiving that Lord Lindor was in attendance.

"I had no idea, that your Ladyship intended riding over to —— this morning," said Miss Emmingford.

"And I also had no idea; however we are now returning; we dine at seven, it is half past four, and if you have arrangements to make before dinner, the sooner you complete them the better," said Lady Fanny starting up instantly; and passing her arm through Lord Lindor's, she exclaimed in a half whispering voice, "For heaven's sake take me away; I never can endure the sight of the Emmingford in that camp-cloak and that morning face. She reminds me always of the cobra de capello, the most dangerous of all the coluber class. It

has, you know, a curious hood near the head; look at Miss Emmingford's; and as if to increase the resemblance, and completely to *horrify* me, she has black strings on a white lining, of the form and colour of that *spectacle-sort* of symbol that adorns the centre of the cobra's head. Take me away,—take me away; I am in complete agony; every nerve is irritated; do have pity on me, Lord Lindor, and take me away."

Lord Lindor immediately obeyed, and influenced by a feeling somewhat more rational than his usual caprice, he bowed to Miss Emmingford with rather more coldness than ordinary, and quitted the library, convinced that the result of a comparison between the undress looks of nineteen and thirty, must invariably be to the advantage of the former.

Sir Albert followed the cavalcade as they returned home, abstracted and melancholy. It seemed that the portrait of a woman which realized all his soul had ever fancied of perfection, was held out to him, to delude and irritate him, and immediately withdrawn.

Ella Grafton so admired, so adored, uniting in one theme of applauding rapture the most opposite spirits, endowed with the most brilliant and the most seductive attributes, presented a picture on which his mind loved to dwell. He recollected every minute trait he had heard of her, with the fond distinctness of a lover engaged in recalling every feature that distinguished a beloved and an absent mistress. It was a passion such as one may imbibe for the fairy form, that lives but in our dreams. It was

the curious act of a mind that had been deceived by philosophizing, and sought relief in depicting the beings that may people a climate, whose atmosphere has the rarity that surrounds the higher regions; where the rocks are crystal, the trees gold and emeralds, and every jewel a sun.

And this attractive, this inimitable being was the cousin of the very Ella Grafton whom he knew, and so much disliked.

A new idea suggested itself. Could he not, by means of this Ella Grafton of his acquaintance, procure an introduction to the Ella Grafton with whose character he was so passionately enamoured?

And even if she inhabited a different kingdom, would not a journey to the remotest parts of the earth be amply compensated by attaining the

acquaintance of such a being; and, oh! unutterable bliss!—perhaps her love!

These ideas chased each other with rapidity, but each was pregnant with delight. Sir Albert resolved to quit North-House; and he urged the speed of his animal to overtake the advanced group, as if he anticipated greater pleasure in their conversation now that he was about to lose it.

Harley was sullenly silent because Lady Fanny appeared as happy by the side of Lord Lindor, as *he* would have been if he had occupied Lord Lindor's place.

The day had been sultry; the sun was intensely hot, and not a breath of air refreshed the travellers. The sky was red and louring. Black clouds, magnificently skirted with brilliant colouring, dispersed the pure, unvaried tranquillity of an azure sky,

It appeared as if there was thunder at a remote distance, and at great intervals. Lady Fanny remarked the magnificence of the scene, and the party proceeded more slowly to contemplate it.

"Who," said Lord Lindor, "can enjoy any spectacle, however magnificent, when he feels it possible, that the death it bears in its bosom,—that very mischief which contributes so largely to its grandeur,—may the next moment pour its destruction on his head? It is not sublime because it is not stupendous. It is a false feeling that attaches a degree of splendor and grandeur to that which by its frequency becomes common-place."

Lady Fanny shuddered. Sir Albert turned away with an expression of contempt, and Harley frowned indignantly.

Oh, what a mind must that be

which appears to exist only for the sake of expressing *ennui*, and for the purpose of remarking with caustic asperity on the emptiness, the vanity, the nothingness, the insipidity, and the monotony of every scene, every imposing spectacle, either of nature or of art, which interests or delights others!

Impious!—to despise the calm tranquillity of nature, when he was called on to enjoy it, and to shrink from the solemn and magnificent grandeur of that spectacle, which he admired only when there was no immediate probability of its existing!

"My Lord Lindor," said Harley, "I believe you despise *me* for my neglect and contempt of the *bienséances* of society. You deride my uncouth manners and unpolished address. Perhaps I was not always so,—at two and thirty a man who has

mixed much in the world, *must* have acquired all that gloss which you value so much, which *I* once valued. We are all the creatures of circumstances. The caprice which I dislike so much in you may be the result of feelings similar to those which have produced *my* present appearance. The displeasure with which I candidly avow your manners impress me, proves to me, that the indulgence of such feelings must be vitally wrong. My Lord Lindor, I am obliged by the lesson you have unintentionally afforded me; the uncouth Harley will learn politeness from the polished Lord Lindor, still retaining his own sincerity."

Harley bowed with an animation and an elegance that appeared resumed, rather than adopted at the moment. Lady Fanny contemplated his handsome person with undisguised

admiration, and the contrast which she made at that moment between his open, glowing countenance, and Lord Lindor's marble impenetrability and mysterious expression was decidedly in favour of the former.

"My dear Lockhart," said Lord Lindor, when they were alone, "you would infinitely oblige me by calling your powers of observation into action, and employing them on the character of Lady Fanny Lambeth. I would give half my fortune to understand her exactly."

"That is, you would give the half of *nothing!* What an immense price! Your extravagance astonishes me!"

"Is it possible, that my Lælius can jest with the feelings and the sufferings of his friend?"

"Feelings!—I thought you had resigned them as *accablants* and *bourgeois*. In short Lindor, you and I understand each other, and this sentimental farce is ridiculous. We both want money. We can only get it by committing ourselves in marriage. You fix on one woman,—I on another. You pursue *your* way of wooing and winning,—I, *mine*. If I succeed, so much the more to the credit of my tactics. If I can help you, I will. You are imposing on me a task about as difficult as that which Vibius imposed on the conquered Dalmatians, when he compelled them to work in their own mines, and to separate the gold from the ore.—Nevertheless, I will oblige you.—For heaven's sake, however, let us have done with sentimentalizing. I shall marry Lady Caroline Repton from

the very same motives which influence you in addressing Lady Fanny Lambeth. It is a devilish lucky thing for your success, that you succeeded to the title of Lindor. Charles Loudon would have cut a poor figure here, would not he?"

"You are right Lockhart; it *was* a lucky chance. Eight years have wiped away many sins and iniquities. The Loudon of seven-and-twenty is not recognized in the Lindor of five-and-thirty. Those matrimonial affairs are always bad. Look to Lady Fanny for me. I wish Harley were at the devil,—there is something about him which annoys me excessively."

CHAPTER XXI.

TO SIR ALBERT BEVERLEY,
EARL OF NORTHBURY'S,
NORTH-HOUSE,
——SHIRE.

Beverley Hall.

I THINK, as nearly as I can calculate, it is about seven months, since you, Sir Albert Beverley, left the house of your fathers; the mansion where you might have presided with regal splendor, and had opportunities of exercising benevolence, little less than royal. Instead of enlivening the hearts of your tenantry by your presence; instead of substituting love for respect, confidence for timidity, a desire of pleasing

you for a dread of being ill with your steward;—what have you done? You have entrusted many human beings to the control of one, who, however he may be honest and abundant in integrity, is but a hireling, and has not that vital principle of action which would regulate you who are the real proprietor of the soil. Your tenants depended on you for that personal protection which was extended to them by your father; they expected a large portion of happiness from you, because your approval of their industry, your discriminating praise *was* happiness. You are flying from substantial and well-grounded felicity, to illusive pleasures. You shun a fanciful inconvenience, and you run after a yet more fanciful blessing. You avoid a phantom of evil, raised by prejudice, and endeavour to grasp a phantom of

excellence raised by imagination. You are in a hopeful condition, truly! You are, indeed, acting in a manner worthy of a theory, which occasioned your excellent father, and another friend to you, whom we will not name, so many anxious hours to compose! If you were not the son of that father, I assure you, Sir Albert Beverley, that I should not be—*quite* so much interested in your welfare.

My very dear pupil, why do you not return home? Why do you refuse an old man the gratification of your society in mature life, who has known so much of you in childhood and in youth? Why do you disallow me the satisfaction of contemplating the vigour of that mind which I helped to form? There is nothing in me which you ought to shun. Perhaps I am petulant and prejudiced. Have

you, in some instances, shown yourself less so? I am old; you, young; my path has been strewed with many thorns; you have scarcely gathered any thing but the fairest flowers. Do not, however, let us blame or recriminate. We cannot recall the past. The future only is in our power. I calculate on it with hope. I live in that only; and I entreat that you will not disappoint my hope.

Ella Grafton, despoiled by the mistaken credulity of her father, of a large fortune, sought and obtained the shelter of your house. She was amiable, accomplished and attractive. At first, I feared that these qualifications might be dangerous to both of you. Afterwards I recollected your strict principles and unblemished integrity. Then I contemplated the pleasure of your union, because I be-

lieved you worthy of each other. Well; you saw Ella Grafton; you disliked her. There is no position, no principle, no reasoning, that can, by any means, enable me to discover the source of such a dislike. You left your home, and saw, and loved, and remained with, another woman. For months, her powerful fascinations bound you. You left your country: you returned without seeing her. The inference is, either that you have been rejected or disgusted. You fly off to my Lord of Northbury's. You remain there. Ella Grafton still deprives you of your home. I have told her so. Sir Albert Beverley, Ella Grafton has quitted your mansion.

I knew that the fraudulent steward who had despoiled Mr. Grafton of his patrimony, still existed in Cumberland, rioting in splendor, and exulting

in the success of his nefarious practices. I knew, likewise, that he had quarrelled with his agent; and that this agent had been heard to threaten severe revenge. You foresee the catastrophe. I made it my business to seek out the underling. By threats, by bribes, and by bringing some compunctious visitings of conscience rather more into the front of his feelings, I obtained from him a confession of the whole conspiracy, the able execution and complete success of which had despoiled Mr. Grafton of his estates, and driven his daughter to seek the unwilling protection of Sir Albert Beverley.

With some trouble, a commencement of legal proceedings, and such like disagreeable processes, we compelled the master-villain to refund. Ella Grafton is now an heiress, no

longer needing the bounty of any individual however opulent, elevated, and above all, however friendly to herself he may be.

Mrs. Grafton still presides in Sir Albert Beverley's mansion. You appointed her comptroller in your absence, and she will not resign her office until you return to accept that resignation. She has been a faithful steward to you, Sir Albert Beverley, and though *she* does not allow that her excellent administration of your affairs during your absence, has at all repaid the debt, which she contracted to you when she accepted the protection of your house, I avow, that in my estimation you are become the debtor.

You understand now, that you may return to Beverley Hall, without fear of enduring that annoyance from

which you formerly fled. Ella Grafton is here no longer. I am sure, however much you may have disliked the individual, you will rejoice in the detection of villainy, and in the restoration of the rights of the injured.

I anticipate the period of your return to Beverley Hall with heartfelt pleasure. You will always, when you have an inclination for his society, find there

Your friend

GEORGE FALCONER.

Sir Albert Beverley read Doctor Falconer's letter with a feeling of disappointment more bitter than he could possibly have calculated a few days since, that the removal of Ella

Grafton from under his roof, could have occasioned.

Since the morning he had passed in the library at ———, he had employed himself in dwelling with rapture on the seductive portrait that had been sketched for him of the Ella Grafton he did *not* know. He had recurred to the idea of the Ella Grafton of his acquaintance with pleasure, on account of her relationship to the being on whom his imagination dwelt so fondly, as the means of his introduction to that being.

And now she had left Beverley Hall, and he was ignorant of the place of her actual residence. Even if he had known it, how could he possibly intrude himself on *her*, who had quitted his house under an impression that her residence there had been disagreeable to him, had driven

him from it, and that all the assistance and the kindness for which she was indebted to him, were rather the results of a compulsive benevolence, than of a voluntary friendship!

Sir Albert was displeased that Doctor Falconer had betrayed him, angry with himself that he had not restrained the expression of his feelings, and with Ella Grafton that she had quitted Beverley Hall so abruptly.

Just as he had caught a glimpse of a being on whom his fancy had so fondly reposed,—adorned even with more grace, more witchery, more loveliness, than that fancy had dared to conceive, he lost her. His heart aching with the void left by Catherine Lockhart, ardently desiring a being to love, and to be loved by her, all the yet unvitiated enthusiasm and passion

of his nature "pent in the prison-house" of his own soul, because he durst not entrust feelings so intense to the power of one of "life's souls of common clay,"—beat tumultuously when the idea of the *real* Ella Grafton had been presented to it. And now the hope of realizing that idea was suddenly withdrawn, she might live in his very vicinity, and he not know it. The present appeared to him, blank, dreary, and unattractive; the future without hope.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE sudden change in the whole of Harley's exterior deportment was a contemplation worthy of the spectator on human manners. That which the laboured arguments and friendly monitions of Sir Albert Beverley had, in vain, essayed to effect since the commencement of their acquaintance, had been the instantaneous result of a self-imbibed conviction. It is so much easier to act on our own judgment, than to adopt the opinions of others!

Harley's polish was evidently rather a recurrence to old habits, than the adoption of a completely novel line of conduct. It appeared, that circum-

stances had forced on him an unnatural character, which habit had rendered familiar to him, and which the kindly nature of his temperament alone had prevented from degenerating into misanthropy.

In courtesy he had the advantage of Lord Lindor, because *his* was the refinement of the genuine feelings of his heart, and Lord Lindor's the result of much study, and of much time spent in acquiring a complete mastership over himself. In coolness and caution, Lord Lindor was always superior, because he had *no* feeling, and Harley's was impetuous. It was perhaps to the kindness of Sir Albert Beverley, that Harley owed the power to withstand the shafts of ridicule that were continually levelled at the *supposed modern* history of Junius Brutus.

Lady Fanny became attracted to him with the greater rapidity, and perhaps with the more forcible impulse, because she believed that she owed him some recompense for her former coldness. Lord Lindor was rapidly losing ground, and he felt it. Nevertheless, his suavity and his apparent content were never disturbed. Many people have obtained a real though transient ascendancy in society, by proving to the world that they *believed* themselves the possessors of superiority. The world, in general, has difficulty in detecting the existence of self-deception.

It was in little instances, that the unaccountable influence which Harley by the extreme integrity and strength of his mind was acquiring over the deceptive and simulating Lord Lindor, became evident.

"Where is Lockhart?" demanded Lady Caroline Repton, one morning, when she missed her cecisbeo.

"Oh!" replied Lord Lindor,—"*he has been yonder i' the Sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour.*"

"Pray, my Lord Lindor, may I presume to inquire, if your friendship for Mr. Lockhart is declining?" demanded Harley.

"*Declining!*—No, Sir; it is *not* declining; no friendship, no attachment of mine ever *does* decline; I can neither subdue preferences nor aversions."

"Your want of power in the former point is more honourable, than your incapacity in the latter is christian-like, my Lord," said Harley mildly.

"Preach, Sir, when it is your pleasure, only do not oblige me to listen.

And now, Sir, suffer me to ask you, why you questioned me concerning the existence of my friendship for Lockhart?"

"Because, to hazard a jest on the person whom we call *friend*, which might wound his feelings if he were present, appears to me a violation of every rule of *friendship*."

"Of *common* friendships, I grant; no sentiment, Sir, that I entertain is of a common or of a weak nature."

"But it surely would be proper to ascertain that the mind of him whom we call *friend*, is precisely of the same power. I confess to you that *I* should find it difficult to continue in habits of friendship with any man who, to gratify the desire of saying a brilliant thing, did not hesitate to make me ridiculous. Allow me to observe, however, that if there exists the being who *could* endure it, I should have a much

higher opinion of his patience, than of the other's generosity.

"Should you?" said Lord Lindor, with an affectation of indolence and indifference. He turned to Lady Fanny; her beautiful eyes rested on the countenance of Harley, animated and brilliant as it was, with an expression that could neither be mistaken nor defined.

"Ah!" said Lord Lindor, half sighing, and immediately afterwards smiling with mingled expression of sarcasm, and a prayer for compassion, "*I am now sailed to the north of my Lady's opinion.*"

"It is well you think so, it has afforded you an opportunity of making another fine quotation," replied Lady Fanny, to whom he had addressed himself.

"My dear Lady Fanny, if I dare, I would say that you were a coquette."

"I have not now to discover Lord Lindor's temerity, and, therefore, I am not surprised at it. Suffer me to be indebted to your Lordship for a quotation you once applied to me :— '*good, my lord, as you have one eye* '*upon my follies, as you hear them un-* '*folded, turn another into the register of* '*your own; that I may pass with a re-* '*proof the easier, sith you yourself know* '*how easy it is to be such an offender!*'"

"I cannot express how much I am indebted to your Ladyship's condescension in remembering any thing I had the pleasure of teaching you."

"*Coquetry* itself, even," replied Lady Fanny; I, at least, have some excuse for mine. If I were to tell the men that their services, their devoirs, their adorations, were disagreeable to me, they would not believe me. I cannot bear the idea of

discarding a lover *now;* all the world knows that I banished that most ignoble peer, Lord Clancard, from my *coterie;* no one will endure to be equalized with him. My Lord, the Athenians abolished ostracism, when it had been disgraced by being executed on the abject Hyperbolus."

"That coquetry which is pardonable as the *fripponnerie* of a very young and beautiful woman, is disgusting in a man," said Harley.

"Oh, most abhorrent!" exclaimed Lady Fanny.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" said Lord Lindor in an accent of mingled tenderness and reproach.

Lady Fanny coloured highly. Lord Lindor comprehended the sentiment that sent the eloquent blood to her cheek; he crossed over to Miss Emmingford.

Lady Fanny recovered herself,

There is nothing women so much despise in the opposite sex as coquetry, the desire of inflicting pain by bestowing on another those praises and those attentions which the fond selfishness of *one object* had desired to appropriate. The moment a female suspects that the animated portrait which her lover has drawn of her rival, received its vivid tint from his wish of exciting her jealousy, it loses its power to pain her. She smiles in derision of the vain attempt, and scorns the contemptible mind that dared to essay it.

The manly forbearance of Harley, his dignified avoidance of every thing that might seem like retaliation of the caprice of his beautiful and whimsical mistress, could never have appeared to greater advantage, than when contrasted with the constant *flirtations,*

and often unprovoked desertions of Lord Lindor.

Harley possessed besides, decided and tangible principles. There was no *trick* in his manner,—nothing like the mobility of stage scenery in his expression of feelings. It was extraordinary that Lady Fanny Lambeth, scarcely nineteen, should be attracted, and unable to decide, between two men, one of whom was two-and-thirty, the other five-and-thirty. This is not the age most captivating to the imagination. It is true, that the correct beauty of Harley's person, the manly dignity of his principles, and the frank, open character of his countenance, conspired to give him an appearance of extreme juvenility. Whilst the mystery of Lord Lindor's whole *manière d'être,* the uncertainty of his expres-

sion, and actual position of mind, which varied like shadows, and were scarcely more distinct or palpable, by exciting curiosity, and employing the imagination, sometimes deluded others into the belief that he who could so powerfully and so constantly occupy the fancy and distract the reason, *must* be young.

If it had been possible to decide on the principles, on the religious belief of Lord Lindor, the hesitation of Lady Fanny would have been terminated. The splendor of reputation that surrounded him, covered a thousand defects, a thousand eccentricities; perhaps, it even imparted a portion of its splendor on them, by inducing the idea that they were the inseparable attendants on genius.

There were seasons, however,—and of late these seasons had become

more frequent,—in which Lady Fanny recurred from the idea of Lord Lindor to that of Harley, with a sensation of repose and satisfaction, that always relieved her. It seemed as if she had been distracted by the dazzling, uncertain, and dangerous blaze of a meteor, and turned to relieve her distressed vision by the view of some bright, steady star. She could always reflect on every sentence Harley had addressed to her with a deep, internal conviction of its propriety. It is so easy for a woman to detect by the manner in which she is addressed, what is the opinion of the speaker,—what the estimation in which he holds her!

Consequently, when she remembered the rational character of his tenderness,—the steady, unvarying symptoms of his affection,—she felt

all the dignity which can be reflected from the conviction of being highly appreciated by a mind whose judgment is correct, and whose powers one estimates highly.

With Lord Lindor it was so different! Memory was always unfavourable to him! To have succeeded completely in seducing the heart of a girl, who to great childishness and *naiveté* united a shrewd, penetrating mind, a man of this stamp should continually have occupied her, and not have left a moment for reflection. Whilst the imagination of Lady Fanny was in a state of high excitation,—whilst her fancy was dazzled by the blaze of his genius, and the splendor of his fame,—she entertained for him exactly that feeling which he would have been contented to inspire. It was not the delicious fulness of soul,

which, having received the impression of one image, disdains all others,—feels even the impossibility of increasing the *measure* of its feelings. The fancy was attracted and delighted. Lord Lindor would have been satisfied with such an auxiliary. He forgot that where reason *exists*, she must have her waking, active moments; she cannot always repose in a state of stupefaction. That which rouses the fancy to its highest point of exaltation, acts as an opiate on reason; but when its influence ceases, she revives in increased vitality.

The present was a moment favourable to Harley. Sir Albert Beverley quietly observed the position of the game satisfied concerning the result. The cold, unnatural quietude of his own feelings, did not prevent him from participating in the expected

happiness of others. He contemplated the satisfaction which was depicted on Harley's countenance, with pleasure. He who is capable of the sentiment of friendship can never be completely unhappy whilst his friend appears to possess the exuberance of felicity.

The inhabitants of Lipari always tremble when Vulcano ceases to smoke, because they dread violent eruptions in their own island. Thus, in proportion as Lady Fanny's coolness became more conspicuous, Lord Lindor was inflamed with an ardent desire of possessing her. Harley was a rival not to be despised. Possessing a keen wit, which he had, of late, taken the trouble to polish and refine to an exquisite pitch, he had abundant powers of annoying Lord Lindor.

Accordingly, as the observation of

the spectator was applied,—or perhaps according to the position of the observer's own mind,—Lord Lindor appeared an object inimitably exalted, or most decidedly and exceedingly ridiculous. He had often shrunk from some epigrammatic point in Harley's address to him, feeling keenly its poignancy, and desiring that others should be deluded into a belief, that as far as his own perception was concerned, it was perfectly harmless.

In the very moments in which he appeared most at ease, he perhaps felt most. He shrunk from the very touch,—the breath of ridicule. There was nothing to which he was so tremblingly alive. It was like the pressure of the hand applied to the sensitive foliage of the *Mimosa*. Harley perceived his advantage, and he was

generous enough to use it very tenderly.

This forbearance, though not comprehended to its precise extent, was still sufficiently conspicuous to Lady Fanny, somewhat to lessen her appreciation of Lord Lindor's talents. There is nothing so annoying to the mind, as the idea of loving a man, over whom another can, at will, exercise all the power of a master spirit. And when that other sought her love!——

Lord Lindor occupied himself with Miss Emmingford. Lockhart had entered, and Lady Caroline was satisfied. He apologized for his absence, and made it appear completely to her conviction, that he had in fact been much better employed, *than in practising behaviour to his own shadow.*"

Lady Fanny's sentiments for Harley had never been so favourable to him. She continually appreciated more justly the lofty pre-eminence of Sir Albert Beverley's position. His dignity was certainly reflected on his friend. And Harley deserved the friendship even of Sir Albert Beverley.

In the midst of a very animated address to Lady Fanny, Harley's own servant entered, bringing him a letter, evidently occupied to the utmost extent of the paper.

Apologizing to Lady Fanny, he immediately broke it open.

Lady Fanny observed him anxiously. It was the anxiety of a love just on the point of ascertaining its own existence.

The agitation of the paper evidently demonstrated that its contents power-

fully affected him. Every moment this agitation became more conspicuous. He laid it on a reading-table that stood near, and shaded his eyes with his hand. The deathly paleness of his countenance, wore the livid polish of marble. The tremour of his whole frame became visible. Unable to endure longer observation, he pleaded indisposition, and retired.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO MISS GRAFTON,
AT LADY MARY LOCKHART'S.

I DO not pretend, my dear, my best Ella, to rival Catherine Lockhart in your friendship. She has talents, and genius, and celebrity, to which I dare not aspire. She is far more worthy of your affection than I *can* be, more worthy in every respect but one, she *cannot*, *cannot* love you better.

And why did not you come to me, instead of travelling that immense space, to arrive at last only at that disagreeable, gambling old woman's, Lady Mary Lockhart's?—You must

almost have passed North House, and yet thought not of your poor little friend. This was not like my Ella! And such a letter too, and after such a silence! Oh, if I did not love you so entirely, I could be *so* angry!

You do not tell me where you have been since we separated in delightful Italy. I shall always love Rome? Shall not you? Ah, but you have not the same *cause* that I have;—I first knew Ella Grafton there, and by how much she is superior to every other woman, by so much is my pleasure greater in having first learned to love her.

Is Catherine lovely, and brilliant, and charming as usual? Have you known in your whole life a more beautiful woman? Sir Albert Beverley tells me she is very ill, very thin, but more blooming, more touching,

more interesting than ever. I never inquire of Lockhart concerning her; I do not like him: he had the presumption once to love Ella Grafton. I cannot quite forgive him that. I ought; it is, perhaps, the brightest *trait* in his whole character, that he had understanding enough to appreciate her excellence.

Here he is now, making the *Celadon* to that indolent, affected non-entity, Lady Caroline Repton. I could have forgiven him any thing rather than such a falling-off! To address such a woman after having even *fancied* himself in love with Ella Grafton!—Heavens!—are the men "stock stone marble?" I would rather a hundred times, that he had taken a fancy even to disagreeable Miss Emmingford! Yes, my dear Ella, *Miss Emmingford* is at North-House—Lord Lindor's

Miss Emmingford! I did not expect to see exactly such a being. *Such* a woman! He in whose fate all Europe interests itself, he can ——! no matter! he is eccentric in every particular,—a compound of grandeur and vanity, of the most elevated sentiments and the most egregious affectation. He may choose to disregard *common* reasons of preference in this point! And what matters it to me? We are but mere acquaintance, or at most friends! Thank God, admiration of talent is not *love;*—Lord Lindor is not perfect: *there* would have been the danger; and his faults are not of such a nature as to be thrown continually into shade; *but* when he chooses that his genius should blaze in all its dazzling brightness,—Oh, who ever thought of counting the specks on the sun's surface?

My dear Ella, it is in vain that I attempt to conceal any thing from you. At this moment you comprehend me.

I am scarcely nineteen. Are these more than the years of a child? In experience *certainly* not. What I am you know. All my weaknesses have been displayed to you, and yet you have not despised me! Imagine how I admired this man,—this Lord Lindor,—when the partial hand of my father sketched his portrait! Do you think that I, with a fancy so easily called into action, felt nothing on being introduced to him of whose genius his country boasts, and whose name is echoed throughout Europe? Do you think that I was not elated when he attached himself to me? Do you think that the suggestions of my friends, on the probability of my

union with this man, did not operate on me? Do you think that I did not hail the proofs of my ascendancy over him with pride and with joy? Do you think,—I need not ask!—Ah, my own Ella—my best friend—you more than suspect the power he was acquiring over me.

As I gradually became intimate with him, I discovered the imperfections of his mind. They did not break suddenly on me, and before they stood very prominent, I became accustomed to them. When aware of their existence, I called them eccentricities, the aberrations of a grand and peculiar genius,—and—do not quite despise me, Ella—I did not dislike these failings in him, merely because they were *his*.

Harley, the friend of Sir Albert Beverley,—Harley, the diametric op-

posite of Lord Lindor,—Harley already known to you, is at North House. My dear Ella, I desire to have no concealments with you,—Harley loves me.

And I—I know not what I feel. I am divided between two sentiments which cannot long exist together. I desire impatiently to see you. I confess that there is a something in Harley which attaches one inconceivably. I need not speak of him to you. Above all, he possesses your esteem. Well! three days since, I discovered his infinite superiority to Lord Lindor. I never was so powerfully attracted by him. My heart was impressed more forcibly than ever. I contemplated his candour, his manliness, his sincerity, and his never fluctuating attachment to myself with indescribable pleasure. I

was beginning to admit calculations on the future. Scarcely had I commenced my plans, when a letter was brought to Harley. He read it with an emotion too profound for description. I never before saw him so affected; so completely *out of himself*. Afterwards he had a short conference with Sir Albert Beverley, and left North House for an indefinite period, without even taking the trouble to make me or any of my party formal adieux.

I confess that I have suffered not only on account of his absence, but also on account of the manner in which he quitted me. It is impossible that I can describe to you precisely what I feel. I desire ardently that you should explain me to myself. Catherine fixed the nineteenth of this month as the period of her journey

to North House. Oh, let me see Ella Grafton with her; let me once more recover myself in her society. When I am with her, I seem to acquire a reason, a discrimination, and a judgment, which I always lose in her absence.

FANNY LAMBETH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT was with indescribable emotion that Sir Albert Beverley heard the arrival of Catherine Lockhart and Ella Grafton, at North House, announced.

He was about to meet the woman he had loved, for the first time since he had received that explanation which compelled him to subdue his love for her;—to see her, too, in the society of that being, whom, unknown, he had selected to succeed her, and on whom his fancy had dwelt, with a fondness that had even, perhaps, penetrated his heart.

The evident exultation with which Lady Fanny Lambeth presented Ella

to Sir Albert Beverley by the appellation of *her* friend, spoke better for the loveliness of her character, than the most animated or elaborate eulogium.

Sir Albert observed Miss Grafton with intense scrutiny. She had the features, the form, of the cold, the impenetrable Ella. The resemblance was strong without being forcible. Miss Grafton had an air of dignified humility and youthful elasticity. Every motion was agile, flexible, and graceful. She had a fine but fluctuating colour; her eyes, dark, bright, and touching, sparkled with a vivacity that impressed one with the idea of a vigorous mind. Her address was at once playful, polished, and imaginative. It was impossible not to perceive, that her features were precisely the same as those of her inflexible

cousin. But a thousand graces sported over them, which gave them a character not only different but opposite, and appeared even to change their form. The rosy lips, slightly but firmly closed, were surrounded by a thousand changeable dimples, that seemed the abode of all the loves. Her dark eye-brows, elevated in a perfect arch, gave a nobility to her expression, that might have approached to haughtiness, but for the mild sensibility that shone in her eyes. Those brilliant eyes, sometimes raised with vivacity, sometimes concealed under the beautiful lids, and long, declining lashes, were the most captivating that can be imagined. The same graceful tournure that was conspicuous in her figure, rendered her head beautiful, notwithstanding its outline was imperfect. Not one feature, not one

limb *could* boast perfection. It seemed that nature had given blemishes for the mere purpose of showing how exquisite a grace she could bestow, to conceal the existence of those defects, or to render them more decided, more fascinating beauties.

Her voice was full, gentle, and harmonious; above all, it was flexible, and varied in its cadence. There was neither monotony, nor an artificial variety. All sprung from just and virtuous feeling, and was, therefore, attractive and irresistible. Without looking at her countenance, one might penetrate the emotions that affected her, by the modulation of her voice; without listening to her, one might discover exactly what she was saying, by her expression. It was the loveliness of feeling and taste. Every thing was intellectual. A gnome or a

sylph might have assumed the form or the attributes of Ella Grafton, without danger of being confounded, by the incredulous, amongst the daughters of mortality.

She had also that indescribable air that depends more on mind and feeling than on education or circumstance,—which we vainly attempt to describe by calling it a *ton*, *gentility*, or *ease*. It is elegance more exquisitely polished; grace more highly wrought;—to be acquired neither in courts nor schools—a bounty of nature, surpassing, peculiar, and inimitable. Above all, it is impossible that it can exist, independently of nobility of heart. It is a combination resulting from religion, virtue, cultivation, and universal benevolence.

Sir Albert did not understand all this immediately. She appeared to

him, at first, a very lovely and attractive woman; possessing sufficient beauty to captivate any man within the sphere of her influence, who had imagination or taste. Her's was not the species of loveliness likely to attract a superficial observer. It was impossible to pass her unnoticed, but the eye frequently rested on her, unable to ascertain the cause of such fascination.

And, besides, when Beverley was first introduced to her, his whole heart was agitated by the conviction that he was again in the presence of Catherine, and by the recollection of the tale that had been unfolded to him since last he beheld her.

He saw her. His eye once more dwelt on that form whose inimitable and perfect beauty had first attracted him. What an alteration!

Her eyes were indeed more brilliant, and her cheek more blooming than ever, but it was the brilliancy and the glow of consumption. Her attenuated form had completely lost the contour, and the majestic fulness that had formerly distinguished it. Her beautiful hands were frightfully transparent. *Death* appeared in every limb,—in every lineament; but it was *death* in its softest, its most affecting form,—*death* rendered touching by the beauty, the youth, and the resignation of its victim, instead of acquiring increased terrors from such circumstances. Catherine looked, spoke, and moved, as a being who no longer had any interest in the world, except for the happiness of those connected with her;—there was something celestial in her deportment,—something already partaking of the spirituality of the inhabitants of heaven!—

She received Sir Albert Beverley with a tranquillity which could be inspired by nothing but a complete and voluntary resignation of all the passions, the powerful feelings, and the too great sensibility, which had triumphed over her delicate and susceptible frame.—There was a tenderness in her manner that seemed the result of a conviction that she was soon to leave all below, and of a new scale of appreciating what was valuable.

He was dreadfully affected by the symptoms of her decay. He started when he heard her speak. The clear sweetness of her voice was gone for ever. It was interrupted continually by a short, broken cough. She smiled with resignation when she became aware of the source of Sir Albert's emotion. That smile expressed so much hope, so much holy satisfaction!—Beverley comprehended en-

tirely the profound calm of her soul. He saw, that all her enthusiasm was now directed to that source where alone it is quite blameless. It was impossible for him to allude to St. Clair on their first meeting, and Catherine never recurred to any subject that might have introduced the mention of him.

The attention of Ella Grafton to her friend was perpetual, minute, and never obtrusive. It appeared solely to aim at alleviating her sufferings, without appealing to her gratitude. It was quiet, unremitting, exhibiting itself in a thousand interesting forms, by endeavours to occupy her imagination by elegant and amusing objects. She seemed to possess a fine and unequalled tact of comprehending exactly, when Catherine's mind was verging towards gloomy apprehen-

sions. She diverted it in a manner full of grace, but entirely devoid of pretension. It was then that she appeared most beautiful, it was then that Sir Albert confessed she was infinitely superior to the portrait his fond fancy had sketched.

The manner in which Lockhart received his declining sister, testified more surprise and sorrow at her indisposition, than delicacy in his expression of it. But Ella, the mediating Ella, seemed, like a beneficent angel, always to possess a remedy which might remove any unfavourable impression from the mind of her suffering friend.

Miss Emmingford regarded the new arrivals with a sentiment approaching to *chagrin* and displeasure. She had heard from Lord Lindor himself, how highly he appreciated

Miss Grafton. She appeared the friend of Lady Fanny Lambeth !—How prejudicial to her own interests might the presence of this talented, admired, intellectual woman, prove!

"It is an age since any thing this world can afford, has given me such pleasure as this meeting," said Lord Lindor, receiving Ella's hand with an ardor that somewhat raised him in the estimation of Sir Albert.

Miss Grafton replied to him with a smiling courtesy, expressing much less pleasure than coldness.

"I hoped to see Mr. Harley here," said she, turning to Lady Fanny.

"Faith no, Madam," said Lord Lindor,—and it was always understood as a mark of extreme respect when he addressed any Lady in this manner—"Mr. Harley is not here." He left us a few weeks since without

condescending one adieu, that might have consoled some of us for the pain of his absence. A *billet-doux* called him away to some important assignation. Hence, one-half of us have been employed in mourning his inconstancy, and the other in vain attempts at administering consolation."

"It was not business of that nature, that summoned Mr. Harley hence, I dare affirm," said Miss Grafton coldly.

"Well, madam, I shall not dispute with you, more especially as you may be in the gentleman's confidence, an honour to which, I confess, I never attained."

"It *is* an honour," replied Miss Grafton, affecting to understand Lord Lindor literally.

This sentence so simple and so obvious, disturbed the marble in-

flexibility of Lord Lindor. He bit his lip with a vexation too obvious to escape comment. There were so few people of whom he expressed admiration, that it was an excessive mortification when one of those few bestowed her applause on his rival!

The Earl of Northbury returned from a ride, and entered the morning-room immediately, anxious to congratulate Miss Grafton on her arrival.

"I am not a man of compliments," said he, "and I expect therefore, that you will the more readily believe me, when I assure you, that I have felt no pleasure equal to this since the arrival of Sir Albert Beverley, at North House: it is a selfish feeling, however; I am never so ill when you are here. Malady, melancholy, and *ennui* always fly away, when you enter. You come in a most lucky

moment. I am, at present, tormented continually with a voracious appetite, which I dare not satisfy lest I should occasion a repletion; consequently I am always the prey of hunger. This is bad, is it not?"

"Very fanciful, very; I have always told your Lordship what mischiefs must arise when one suffers the imagination to exert such an empire," replied Ella, smiling; and Sir Albert felt that that benevolent, gladdening smile must be her principal fascination.

But a sigh from Catherine, so deep, so like the gasp of the dying, chased that brilliant expression from the countenance of her friend; Miss Grafton comprehended immediately what a combination of ideas must affect Catherine's mind, when the evils resulting from a too highly

excited imagination were touched on. She, who was now hovering on the brink of the grave from which youth, beauty, talents, and the admiration of the world in vain conspired to rescue her, had been brought there by the placing of all her pleasures and her miseries in that distracting and varying source.

Lord Northbury had that genuine courtesy which springs from benevolence. He perceived the terrible change in the once transcendantly lovely Catherine with emotions of inconceivable pain;—he, nevertheless, refrained from noticing that change, because it is always indelicate and unkind. Nothing so much affects persons in the vale of life as the contemplation of another,—far younger,—already about to enter the precincts of that grave which in

the natural course of things, they might have expected to find first. Lord Northbury forgot his fanciful maladies in the contemplation of Catherine's real and most visible decline. He looked at his own lovely, sportive daughter; the child of his affection; the only hope of his house. —A day, an hour, a moment, might suffice to snatch her from him in all the pride of youth and beauty. Nothing so much excites our gratitude for the possession of a blessing, as the conviction that the lapse of every moment may bear the mandate of privation.

And there sat Lockhart, the brother of this dying angel; there, his frivolous, inconsequent mistress, both occupied in the lowest species of trifles, anxious only to hasten the flight of those hours which brought

them so much nearer to eternity, regardless of the sword that hung suspended by a single hair over their heads.

Oh, who is there, however young, talented, beauteous, and happy, who has not in the midst of her pleasures or occupations felt a pre-sentiment of the chill of the grave, when she reflected that *death* must be the unavoidable termination of life; the impenetrable sanctuary which opens to receive the former abode of the soul; whilst that soul deprived of its shrine, wanders,—WHERE?

CHAPTER XXV.

THE vicinity of a person who, by being visibly on the advance to death, seems scarcely to belong to the great mass of human beings, must inevitably occasion a quiet and a calmness which approaches to gloom in all around.

Lord Lindor became more enveloped in pensiveness,—more absorbed in imaginative theories,—more anxious for the approach of moonlight, when he might wander to the woods to hold a fanciful communication with those souls which, though passed from some bodies, had not yet transmigrated into others. He did not make the coquet so much with Miss Emmingford; he preferred sen-

timentalizing with Lockhart, when the latter, fatigued with *ennui* and inoccupation, was willing to sentimentalize with him. Odes and sonnets gave place to monodies, laments, and embryo-epics. His address to Lady Fanny, hitherto distinguished by a carelessness approaching to levity, assumed a consistent tenderness, infinitely more dangerous to her. Notwithstanding the ease, the graciousness, and the vivacity of Miss Grafton, it was remarkable that he never addressed her in that tone of familiarity which he adopted towards women in general; his opinions were never asserted with that apparent conviction of their irrefragability. More courteous and consequently more attractive, Lady Fanny continually listened to him with pleasure, and constantly regretted less the inexplicable departure of Harley.

But there were yet moments when the recollection of that departure excited a pain which would have induced her to purchase its alleviation even by the unreserved sacrifice of Lord Lindor. There *were* moments when her heart was so engrossed by the remembrance of Harley, that it could not admit one other idea; moments when she lived, breathed, and reflected, only to think on Harley.

Sir Albert Beverley, in the constant vicinity of Ella Grafton, was entirely occupied by her. There was not a sentiment, a feeling, an opinion, or an impression which was not affected by her idea. In the midst of society, he saw only her; in the whole range of humanity he observed her character alone; in the presence even of Catherine Lockhart, he was sometimes astonished that her image could ever be powerfully impressed on a heart,

which was capable of admiring and appreciating all the excellence of Ella Grafton. Catherine was decidedly the most beautiful, but not half so lovely. Ella had a witchery and a charm about her at once indescribable and irresistible. She scarcely ever uttered a *bon-mot*, but this by no means prevented the conviction that she had the most brilliant wit, if she chose to exercise it. On the contrary, it impressed every one with the idea, that a brilliancy always conspicuous had no need to be concentrated in a single blush, in order that it might be perceptible. Although no breeze is exhaled from the Nile, its waters are but the more wholesome and delicious on that account.

Every day Ella exhibited some new and more interesting *trait* of character. Her's was a disposition that re-

quired much and gradual developement to be understood. It was of the same nature as her beauty. Grace and harmonious proportions were equally perceptible in both; but it was only on examination and knowledge that they were found to be irresistible. If imagination contributed to throw over her that redundant attraction which distinguished her, reason had afforded no feeble aid. She was a being rather to be appreciated by intellect than by fancy; and the brilliant, dazzling lights of genius were beautifully softened by the more sober tints of reason.

Instead of losing in familiar acquaintance that influence which she had at first acquired over the beings amongst whom she was thrown, it became continually more decided. She never departed from herself; she

always appeared in the same dignified semblance. Without dogmatically haranguing on the speculative truths of religion, she continually exhibited religion itself in the most attractive light by the unpretending piety of her whole life. Without bigotry, she refused to waste her time in frivolous pursuits; without disdaining cheerful and innocent relaxations, she avoided that loud and noisy mirth which is revolting to all good taste. Perfectly mistress of those accomplishments which are essential to the character of a gentlewoman, she considered them in the light of amusements only. She avoided large assemblies on account of their general frivolity and viciousness, whilst she loved society on account of the instruction with which it abounds. Perhaps she had adopted the maxim

of those philosophers, who assert that when more persons than the number of the muses are assembled, their conversation becomes vapid, and like gold spread to its utmost extent, becomes light and almost valueless from its extreme fusion.

Champfort says, "that women seem to have a cell less in the head, and a fibre more in the heart." Ella was too generous, too benevolent, to be excessively prudent. She loved the human race too well to suspect the existence of half the weakness and depravity that really exists. Generally penetrating in the character of all those who had nothing to solicit, she entirely lost that penetration when the object on whom it should have been exercised appeared in the light of a suppliant. Consequently she was open to imposture, and fre-

quently suffered by it. This is a weakness; but it is so nearly allied to virtue, that even Sir Albert Beverley, with a mind strengthened by the profoundest philosophy, and the most intimate acquaintance with the world, loved her the more on account of it.

Perhaps, men in general, do not dislike the discovery of an imperfection in that woman even, whom they estimate more highly than the whole world. It restores to them the consciousness of a superiority which they believed themselves about to lose, and they are glad to regain their pre-eminence.

Miss Grafton's knowledge was of the most various nature, but it was perceptible only by circumstances. When Lord Lindor was occupied *de quintessencier des idées sophistiques*, he

would recur alike to the Chou-king, the Edda, the Zendavesta, the Koran, the Talmud, and the Holy Scriptures. It was then, in defence of the sublime truths of Christianity, that Ella displayed her acquaintance with each, and her exact appreciation of their various merits. Lord Lindor, in such cases, was generally vanquished, because he supported his opinions by metaphysical disquisitions, which frequently led to some new absurdity, whilst she advanced only the simplest and most unpretending truths. Lord Lindor generally *celebrated* these defeats by some elegant verses to Ella; verses which resembled the moonbeams, bright, soft, and grateful to the sense, but neither necessary to vegetation, nor to vitality.

What could possibly occasion Miss Emmingford's preference for this ec-

centric man, was a curious question. It could not be that eccentricity itself, because, as she was entirely without genius, she did not comprehend its aberrations. Perhaps it was his *ton*, and his initiation into all the mysteries of the best society; or, perhaps, as he was her relation, she resembled the ancient Persians, who, imagining themselves the most excellent of mankind, believed that the value of others must diminish in proportion to their distance. She appeared to imagine, that she ought always to possess over him an unlimited power, —a power like that of the Roman Emperors, who, by a very comprehensive clause, were allowed "*to execute whatever they should judge advantageous to the empire, and agreeable to the majesty of things, private or public, human or divine*"

Sir Albert attached himself continually to Catherine, because by this means he constantly enjoyed the society of Ella without appearing particularly interested in seeking it. Catherine was grateful for his devotion to her, because, when the vigorous spring of the mind is gone, we depend for its occupation on the power of others. It is then we feel,—

———" to live
" With those whose ev'ry word, and gesture thrill
" Discordant through our frame; this is severe
" Unceasing trial."———

One evening, Catherine was remarkably depressed. She had exhibited, during the day, a cheerfulness that almost resembled her former vivacity. Sir Albert read to her the life, and the relation of the death, of the blooming, the lovely Elizabeth

Smith. She laid her hand on the book, and repeated a verse from that beautiful "*song from afar*," translated by this highly-gifted woman:—

"When deep in fields of ancient story,
"Thou hang'st enraptur'd o'er the page
"That gives and takes the meed of glory,—
"Feel'st thou a breath that fans thy rage?
"And does the trembling torch burn pale?—
"My spirit drinks with thine the tale."

Sir Albert bowed over the attenuated but yet beautiful hand, in order to conceal his emotion.—

This was not an emotion for which he blushed. The great Founder of the christian religion did not disdain to sorrow visibly. "It appears from many circumstances, that the sensibility of his nature was tender and exquisite. He affected none of that hard indifference in which some ancient philosophers vainly gloried.

He felt as a man, and he sympathized with the feelings of others. On different occasions we are informed, that he *was troubled in spirit*, that he *groaned*, and that he *wept*."

Ella participated in this emotion. The tears filled her eyes. Beverley contemplated these two lovely women with sentiments entirely devoid of the dross of earthly passion. He felt as if he were about to be transported immediately with them into heaven, and to celebrate the praises of God with them through eternity.

Ella clasped the disengaged hand of her friend in her own. She smiled mournfully through her tears. "You will go a little, a *very* little before us, my Catherine," said she.

" Gli anni son' al volár, si liévi, e présti,
" Ch'al fine áltro non è ch' un volver d' occhi.
" Quèsto, che poi vi lascia afflitti e mésti.
" Pero pria che l'offésa in noi trabocchi,

" Armáte 'l pétto in cóntro álla fortúna,
" Che váno e l' aspettár che 'l colpo scócchi.
" Così dicéndo, al rággio de la lúna,
" Che gli ócchi mi feria, rivólse il véso,
" Poi salutò le stélle ad úna ad úna;
" E liéto se n' andó nel paradiso."—

The most beautiful sentiments, in the finest language in the world, were inconceivably embellished by the loveliness of Ella's gesture, and the sweet, mournful resignation that appeared to result from the struggle of grief with hope. The expression with which Sir Albert regarded her, contained more admiration more tenderness than could possibly have been expressed in the best conceived harangue. She did not perceive it, for she was entirely engrossed by her friend.

"Yes," said Catherine, raising her unearthly brilliant eyes to heaven, whilst a fine glow spread over her

beautiful countenance, "yes, I must die,—I must pass through the grave to the confines of immortality. I must quit all of whose existence I am certain, and enter a world of which I know nothing but by faith and hope. I must die!—sometimes the prospect overwhelms me with terror, but it is only that I may receive renewed confidence in the eternal promises!—I must die!—but you, my Ella, will not suffer the terrors of a death-bed to frighten you from me!—you will pray for me, when the agonies that separate the soul from the body, prevent my collecting myself—

"Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
"Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu!"——

END OF VOL. II.

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